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ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK—TAKING A PEEP AT THE MOUNTAINS IN THE MOON.



521-547 West Thirteenth Street,
518-524 West Fourteenth Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

THE WEEK.

March 21—Monday—

"Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true."

—*All's Well that Ends Well*, iv. 2.

March 22—Tuesday—"Oh! the whole world throbs with vain heart-pangs, and tosses and heaves with longing, unfulfilled desires! All nights, and all over the world, bitter tears are dropping as regular as the dew, and cruel memories are haunting the pillow." *Thackeray*.

March 23—Wednesday—"A man should never be ashamed to say he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."—*Pope*.

March 24—Thursday—

"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart."

—*Hamlet*, iii. 2.

March 25—Friday—"All things are literally better, lovelier and more beloved for the imperfections, which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy."—*Ruskin*.

March 26—Saturday—"Many can brook the weather that love not the wind."—*Love's Labor's Lost*, iv. 2.

March 27—Sunday—

"Be not like the stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul."—*Longfellow*.

These quotations should be committed to memory daily.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

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READING.

READING maketh a full man, conference a ready man and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend—"Abeunt studia in mores"; nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises: bowling is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like; so, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are "Cymini seciores"; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

—LORD BACON: *Essay LI., Of Studies.*

CENTRAL AFRICAN TRADE.

IN time-honored *Blackwood*, for the month of February, there appears a very instructive article on the Central African trade and the Nyasaland waterway. Comparatively few people have as yet thoroughly realized the vast importance of the Nyasaland waterway as a means of communication between the Indian Ocean and the Central Lake districts of Africa.

Africa's most pressing need is cheap carriage, the want of which is the prime cause of slave-buying and slave-raiding in the country. From the mouth of the river Zambezi to the northern extremity of Lake Tanganika we find a line of cheap transport, some thirteen hundred miles in length, of which only two hundred and seventy requires land carriage, the remaining one thousand and thirty being by an excellent natural waterway, which, commencing at the Zambezi mouth, runs up that river and the Shire to Nyasa, thence three hundred and fifty miles up the lake, and then (after a portage of two hundred and ten miles from Nyasa to Tanganika) for four hundred miles up the latter lake.

From the Zambezi mouth to the north end of Nyasa is, roughly, six hundred and fifty miles, only sixty miles of which requires land carriage—i.e., the road which, commencing below the Shire cataracts, runs through the prosperous Shire Highlands and rejoins the river at Matope above the falls. Between the north end of Nyasa and the south end of Tanganika transport is at present carried on in the usual African fashion—on men's shoulders; but, as the country between the two lakes is high, healthy and quite free from tsetse-fly, bullock-wagons could be used until such time as a railway may be made—an undertaking which will surely be carried out before very many years have gone by. At present, frequent caravans leave Karonga station, at the north end of Nyasa, for Abercorn, at the south end of Tanganika, carrying trade goods, provisions, etc., for sale in the Tanganika districts, and return with ivory. This carrying trade affords to the natives living in the Tanganika-Nyasa plateau the means of earning a good wage, of which they gladly take advantage. Nearly all the calico used by the dwellers on the plateau is earned by the transport of loads from lake to lake.

From the long extent of coast-line of the western shores of the two lakes—some eight hundred miles—an enormous extent of Central Africa is within easy range for trade purposes. It is, in fact, as if the coast-line of East Africa were shifted some four hundred to eight hundred miles inland, and placed close to the districts from which comes most of the trade that hitherto has found its way to Zanzibar, Mombasa, Lindi, Kilwa, Ibo, Mozambique and other ports. At the north end of Tanganika we are only one hundred and fifty miles from the Victoria Nyanza, about the same distance from the Albert Edward Nyanza, and are on the verge of the great Congo forests. To those who do not know the past history of Nyasaland, it is indeed difficult to see why, with these advantages, there has not been made even quicker progress. As a matter of fact, however, little attempt has as yet been made to grapple with the trade problems in the country. The African Lakes Company, who have been working in this field for some years past, have been content with a little, and have not attempted anything except on a small scale. Indeed it has been their avowed policy to work more for the advancement of missions than for trade profits. The value of the work they have accomplished cannot be overestimated, but it yet remains for commerce to be done on large lines.

Hitherto all trade between the sea-coast and Nyasaland has had to struggle against a somewhat difficult

transport; though, such even as it has been, it was infinitely superior to the system of carriage inland from Zanzibar and the east coast ports. Although from the mouth of the Zambezi and throughout Nyasaland we find such an admirable natural waterway, trade has hitherto been blocked at the commencement of the journey on the coast. Goods for the interior have had to be disembarked at the Portuguese port of Quilimane, whence they were sent inland up the Kwa-kwa River, in native canoes and open boats. After a six days' journey up that shallow stream they were portaged overland to the left bank of the Zambezi, reaching the latter river at the little settlement of Vicenti, some seventy miles above the Zambezi mouth. From Vicenti they were forwarded up by steamer or barge. Such a transport was killing to any trade. During the Kwa-kwa journey pillage of goods was frequent and impossible to prevent, the constant transshipments expensive and troublesome, and goods were continually exposed to the weather. The Portuguese duties at Quilimane were very high; and, as anyone who has had to pass British goods through the Quilimane custom-house well knows, it was not an easy or speedy operation.

Now, however, the clauses of the Anglo-Portuguese convention referring to the navigation of the Zambezi have altered all this; and, at the present time, there is a free waterway from the Indian Ocean to the interior, exempt from taxation and free from coast interference. The Kwa-kwa journey is done away with, and ocean steamers can now enter the Chinde mouth of the Zambezi and discharge their cargoes into the river steamers, which then ascend the Zambezi and Shire Rivers direct, and without interruption to the Nyasaland Protectorate. That country is now in a better position to deal with Central African trade questions than any other portion of British African inland territories, and, if her interests are duly considered, should make rapid strides.

From the northern portion of Nyasaland, bordering on the south end of Tanganika, the ivory trade of that lake is being gradually tapped; and doubtless, with improved land transport and an influx of trading capital, the whole trade from the upper Congo regions and from the districts north of Tanganika—which at present crosses the lake, centers at Ujiji, and goes thence overland to the coast ports—will be gradually diverted to the Nyasaland waterway. Apart from the advantages thus gained by the acquisition of trade and transport by British merchants there is another vast advantage. It cannot be questioned that legitimate trade is the death of the slave-trade. Every tusk of ivory purchased on Tanganika and transported thence by the Nyasa route to the coast would, if carried by the Arabs themselves to the east coast, require slave-labor for its transport; and thus, by the increase of British trade in the center of Africa, one of the most satisfactory blows is struck at the slave-trade. Slave-raiding in the Protectorate is practically extinct, so far as the Arabs are concerned, and it is legitimate trade which has extinguished it. There is a great difference between slavery and slave-raiding. So long as there are a dozen Africans left in Africa there will be slavery among themselves; but slave-raiding can be more satisfactorily and speedily done away with by the extension of British trade in Central Africa than by any other means. It is useless, as has actually been advocated by some, to render illegal the possession of ivory, and so abolish the ivory trade entirely. Surely that would be a very clumsy method of dealing with the question. What is wanted at present is to stimulate trade in Central Africa, not to abolish the only large existing trade. The Arabs, who are the retail dealers of the greater part of the African continent, are keen traders, and even supposing it possible to render ivory valueless, they would probably turn to other articles of trade, such as rubber, which, being of less intrinsic value than ivory, would even more require cheap slave-carriage. There is nothing special in ivory itself which promotes slavery; it is merely the want of cheap transport for trade articles. Cheap carriage to Central Africa will be the hardest hit at the slave-trade which can be given. In the case of the Zambezi-Shire-Nyasa-Tanganika waterway already there is a cheap transport line. In less favored parts of Africa the only cheap carriage can be by railways; and then, of course, comes the question as to whether they will, for some time to come, pay any return for the cost of their construction, to say nothing of the upkeep of such long lines as will be necessary to reach the central districts.

On the lower Shire there is at present only one trading steamer running; more are wanted to cope with even existing trade. Steamers for the Zambezi and Shire Rivers should not draw over eighteen inches. On the upper Shire and Lake Nyasa a screw-steamer, the *Domira*, runs at regular intervals. She can carry a cargo of some forty to fifty tons. On Tanganika there are at present no trading steamers. On both the lakes there are mission steamers, and also trading dhows owned by Arab merchants.

The sixty-mile portage past the Murchison cataracts of the Shire River has hitherto been worked without much difficulty by native carriers; but as commerce increases, better means of transport will require to be found. Some years ago the African Lakes Company

constructed a good road from Katunga's, below the cataracts, through the Shiré Highlands, to Matope; and over this road hundreds of loads are carried every week. Bullock-carts also travel occasionally between Blantyre, Katunga's and Matope. The native transport is done chiefly by villagers from round about the settlements of Blantyre and Mandala, which lie in the high and healthy Shiré Highlands.

A small armed steamer on anyone of the inland lakes will do more to keep the Arabs in check, and be a greater menace to their slave-raiding propensities, than an army of men could be. Such a steamer on Tanganyika, for example, would be an ever-present warning to evil-doers.

The ivory trade has as yet eclipsed all other trade in Africa, in much the same manner as the rubber trade on the Amazon and its affluents has been a bar to the development of other industries. This was sure to be the case in Africa, owing to the very high value of ivory compared to that of anything else procurable in the country. This will cure itself in time. As the stores of ivory in Africa become exhausted traders will take to other less valuable articles. The advent, however, of increased commerce to Central Africa will undoubtedly cause many other products of the country to be collected and exported in far greater quantities than they have been hitherto.

The requisites for the development of trade in Central Africa are—cheap carriage, capital and the exercise of sound common-sense business principles.

SORROW.

WE have never been disposed to be niggard of cheerfulness, for it has always seemed to us that one of the duties of a writer is to supply solace in a world where, amid all the beauty, so many things seem to go wrong. But, while we would fain banish cankered melancholy, sour ill-humor, cynicism and petty complaining, we have never sought to disturb those who are mastered for a time by that sacred sorrow which takes possession of the greatest and gentlest and purest souls at times. There have been great men who were joyous—and they bore their part very bravely on earth—but the greatest of all have gained their strength in Sorrow's service. It matters not which of the kings among men whom we choose, we find that his kingship was only gained and kept after he had passed through the school of grief. It is a glad word for most of us, else indeed we might wish that one catalyst would overwhelm us all; but our masters—those who teach us and guide us—have all been under the dominion of a nameless something which we can hardly call melancholy, but which is a kind of divine, sad sister to melancholy. There is no discontent in the sorrow of the great ones; they are not querulous, and none of them ever sought to avenge their subdued grief on the persons of their fellow-creatures. The kings bear their burthens with dignity; they love to see their human kindred light of heart; but they cannot be light-hearted in turn, for the burthen and mystery of the world are ever with them, and their energy is all needed to help them in conquering pettiness of soul, so that by no weak example may they dishearten those who are weak. We are almost convinced that the man who composed the inscription on the emerald, which is said to have reached TIBERIUS, must have seen the Founder of our religion, or, at least, must have known someone who had seen Him. "None hath seen Him smile; but many hath seen Him weep." It is so like what we should have expected! The days of the joyous pagan gods were passing away; the shadows of tedium and of life weariness were drooping for a world that was once filled with thoughtless merriment, and then came One who preached the Gospel of Sorrow. He preached that gospel, and a faithless world at first refused to hear Him; but the divine depth of sorrow drew the highest of souls, and soon the world left the religion of pride and vainglory and pleasure to embrace the religion of Pity.

We have, it may be felt, so much joy in living, we have been so pierced through and through in every nerve and every faculty of the mind with pure rapture during our pilgrimage, that we would fain let all dwellers on earth share the blessings that we have known. It is not to be; the gospel of pity must needs claim some of its disciples wholly, and sorrow is their portion. Perhaps under all their sadness lurks a joy that passes all known to lighter souls; we hope so. We hope that they cannot be permitted to endure what DANTE did. In the purlieus of our cities these resigned, resolute spirits expend their forces, and their unostentatious figures passing from house to house, where poor men lie, offer a lesson to the petty souls of some whose riches and worldly powers are by no means petty. Ah, it is lovely to see those merciful sisters of the falling or fallen—good to see the men who help them! Need we pity them? They would say "No!" but we must, for they live hard. A delicate lady quietly sets to work in a filthy tenement; her white hands raise up and cleanse the foulest of the poor little infants who swarm in the slums; she calmly performs menial offices for the basest and most ungrateful of the poor, and no one who has not lived among degraded people can tell what ingrati-

tude is really like. Day after day that lady toils, and the only word of thanks she receives is perhaps a whine from some woman who wishes to cajole her into giving some gift, perhaps. These Sisters of Sorrow need thanks no more than they need pity; they recognize the baseness of human, ill-reared nature, and they go trustfully on in the hope that some day things may be better. They meet death calmly; they hide their own sorrow, and even their pity is disciplined into usefulness. The men of the good company are the same. They have resigned all the lighter joys of earth, they are calm, and they let the unutterable sadness of the world spur them on to quiet efforts after righteousness. Think what it must be for a man to leave the warm encompassment of a cheerful day and pass into a gloom which is relieved only by that inner light that shines from the soul! Were not the hearts of the heroes pure, they must frown, cynical as they look, on the evil mass of roguery, idleness, foulness and cunning that seethes around them. But they have passed the portal around which peace is found; and the sorrow wherewith they gaze on their hapless fellow-man is tinged with neither scorn nor weariness. If there is no reward for them, then we all of us have cause for bitter disappointment. But the forlorn hope of goodness never troubles themselves about rewards; they face the shadows of doom only as they face the squalor of their daily martyrdom. A certain philosopher once said that he could not endure so somber an existence, because his nerves and sinews were frail and the pain would have mastered him; but he gladly owned that the enthusiasts have conquered his admiration and taken it for their permanent possession. The cool, keen eye of the scoffer divined the strength of sorrow, and he admired the men whom he durst not imitate.

There are others who pass through life enwrapped by the veil of a noble sorrow; and, when we see them, we are minded to wonder whether anyone was ever the worse for encountering the touch of the chilly mistress. When we think the matter over we become convinced that anyone who has ever felt a gentle and noble sorrow can never become wholly bad; and we fancy that even the bad, when a genuine sorrow has once pierced them, are apt to reform. So, in a strange way, the things that tend to make the world better are the things that are hardest to bear. When the bell tolls, and the earth gapes, and the form of the loved one has passed from sight forever, it is bitter—ah, how bitter! But the chastening touch of Time takes away the bitterness, and there is left only an intense gentleness which seeks to soothe those who suffer; and the mother whose babe seemed to take her very heart away when it went into Darkness can pity the other bereaved ones; so that her soul is exalted through her grief. We have no desire to utter a paradox when we say that, of all the world holds, the best has sprung from sorrow. SHAKESPEARE smiles, and is still. We love the smiles of his wiser years; but they would never have been so calmly content, so cheering in their inscrutable depth, had not the man been weighed down with some dark sorrow before his soul was rescued and purified. We do not care for him when he is grinning and merry. He could play the buffoon when he liked—and a very unpleasant buffoon he was in his day—but Sorrow claimed him, and he came forth purified to speak to us by PROSPERO'S lips. He had his struggle to compass resignation, he even seems to have felt himself degraded, and there is almost a weak complaint in that terrible sonnet, "No longer mourn for me when I am dead;" but his heartstrings held; he kept his dignity at the last, and he gave us the splendors of the "Tempest."

We preach no gospel of gloom; it is our task to draw goodly inspirations from things that seem to be gloomy when we regard them superficially. Sorrow may appear repulsive, and men bid her "Aviaunt"; yet, out of sorrow all that is noblest and purest and highest in poetry and art has arisen; and all that is noblest in life has been achieved by the sorrow-stricken. Joy has given us much; and those who have once known what real earthly joy means should be content to pass unrepining to the Shades; but Sorrow's gifts are priceless, and no man can appraise their worth.

JAY GOULD has postponed his trip into Mexico. It is perhaps just as well, for he would have entered the home of the brigand—the Mexican brigand, whose playful habit it is to pounce upon the unwary traveler, carry him off to the Ajusco Mountains, and there hold him for ransom, sending one ear to the alcalde of the nearest town as a reminder, if the ransom be not paid by a certain date, and another to the hapless victim's family later on. After stopping with DON PATRICIO MILMO, father-in-law of EUGENE KELLY, Jr., of this city, at Monterey, the intrepid GOULD intends visiting the City of Mexico, Vera Cruz, and thence over the Mexican Central Road to Torreon, Mexico and El Paso.

OUR English cousins are astounded at the luxury of what they are pleased to term the "great Western corridor expresses," or, in other words, a vestibule train. For the first time, on Monday last, this imitation American train left London for Oxford, and the par-

bearded guards had much difficulty in clearing the cockneys from the "corridors." This train is, at all events, a step in the right direction. The carriages are joined by a closed passageway on one side. On the train are lavatories, a library, smoking-parlor, etc. The train is heated by steam, and will make much of the trip at the rate of sixty miles an hour. "We're becoming Yankees, don't-cher-know!"

SECRETARY FOSTER should recruit his health to the top notch while away, up to the strength of a Colossus, for his path will not be strewn with roses on his return. On the contrary, he may, metaphorically, have to walk barefooted over broken clamshells for having called our excellent Hibernian citizens "clam-mouthed Irish." Did Secretary FOSTER become so rabid an Anglo-maniac in four days? It must be so. There is no other way to account for it. Now that he is thinking of returning to the United States, he claims that he called the children of the Emerald Isle "flannel-mouthed Irish." How would tossing the Secretary in a blanket suit? Flannel and—to spare.

PRESIDENT GOMPERS, of the American Federation of Labor, is working up a big, big boom against a bill introduced into the State Legislature that proposes to repeal some portion of the Saturday Half-Holiday Law. While Mr. GOMPERS is perfectly right to head off any attempt of the kind, the Saturday half-holiday has come to stay; and a law, even if it were passed, would not be respected. The hard-working wage-earners want the half-holiday during the summer season; it has now become a necessity; it is theirs, and they mean to keep it. So hands off, Legislators!

It seems strange, almost incredible, when, within touch of the doings in the Windy City, that one, JOHN HOGAN, who died in St. Louis last week, laid out the site of Chicago in 1836, or fifty-six years ago; and the eyes of the world are now turning to a magnificent city that is rushing to the front rank with giant strides.

WHAT grew some, not to say ghastly, reading is the report of Morgue-Keeper WHITE to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, nearly eight thousand bodies having passed through the grim gates of the dismal dead-house during the year 1891. Eight thousand! A small army, and all, or nearly all, victims to passion and despair.

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S NOVELETTE,

written specially for ONCE A WEEK, will be given to our subscribers with No. 1, Vol. IX., dated April 12, 1892. It is entitled

"MY TERMINAL MORaine,"

and is in Mr. Stockton's merriest, maddest vein.

This story will be the story of the year, and will create a sensation.

Mr. Stockton's novelette will be followed by a novel specially written for ONCE A WEEK by

MR. JOHN HABBERTON,

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"HOW IT CAME ABOUT."

Mr. John Habberton's novel will be followed by one from the pen of

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE,

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GERMANY—SCENES IN BERLIN, WHERE THE RECENT RIOTS TOOK PLACE.

SOME INTERNATIONAL MATCHES. PAST, PRESENT AND TO COME.

BY M. CROFTON.

(Continued.)



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, as is well known, was formerly Miss Jennie Jerome, the daughter of Leonard Jerome, of New York. This marriage, which took place in 1874, may be called the first notable international match. The erratic "Randy" was very much in love with Miss Jerome, but told her very frankly that, unless her family was in a position to do something for their joint establishment, he could not, in justice to himself and in view of the political career which he had marked out, take on the responsibilities necessarily attendant on their union, so the matter was submitted to her father; but, as for several years previous his career on the Street had not been attended with profitable results, he had some difficulty in making up a suitable dowry. But, finally, sufficient real-estate and bonds were placed in Miss Jerome's name to produce an income of ten thousand dollars a year, and the marriage took place.

Lord Randolph's career has been a most extraordinary one, and has been attributable in a great measure to his unbounded impudence and cheek, and also to his talent for absorbing the ideas, as well as the knowledge, of his more brilliant associates.

At one time it was confidently expected by everybody that he would succeed to the leadership of the Conservative party, and become the Tory Prime Minister of Great Britain in succession to Lord Salisbury. These expectations, however, were upset by his sudden throwing up of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. He was staying as the Queen's guest at Windsor at the time, and actually had the audacity to write his letter of resignation to Lord Salisbury on Her Majesty's note-paper, while keeping her in ignorance of the course which he had adopted.

His subsequent career has not been altogether in keeping with the lofty anticipations of his admirers. He has rendered himself conspicuous as the bear leader of several exceedingly wealthy and correspondingly vulgar *parvenus*, including Colonel North of nitrate fame. He introduced the latter to the Prince of Wales, and likewise "promoted" General Boulanger in London society. He was also, for a time, the racing partner of Colonel North; but, inasmuch as the Colonel is very rich and Lord Randolph correspondingly poor, it stands to reason that the partnership was a very one-sided affair.

Both Lady Churchill's sisters married Englishmen—Mr. Moreton Frewen and Captain "Jack" Leslie, only son then of Sir John Leslie, of Glasslough. So did Lady Mandeville's sister, Miss Natica Yznaga, who, in 1881, married Sir John Pepys Lister Kaye, a wealthy Yorkshire baronet.

None of these ladies had any fortune to speak of. Neither had Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, whose father was Secretary of War under Cleveland, and who, by the way, is closely related to Mrs. Vivian, both being descended from the first Governor Endicott.

As is well known, Sir William Vernon Harcourt married, in 1876, Mrs. Ives, the daughter of John Lothrop Motley, for some time Minister to England, and that Sir Lyon Playfair married, in 1878, Edith, eldest daughter of Samuel H. Russell, of Boston. Sir Edwin Arnold's second wife was an American, being a daughter of the Rev. W. H. Channing, of Boston; so was the first wife of the late Sir John Rose, who was at one time Governor-General of Canada. She was Miss Charlotte Temple, of Albany, an aunt of the novelist Henry James, and mother of two handsome daughters, Mrs. Stanley Clarke and Mrs. Sloane Stanley. Lady Butt, wife of the president of the Divorce Court, is an American; so is Lady Plunkett, whose husband is Minister to the Netherlands. She was Miss May Morgan, of Philadelphia, and married Sir Francis, who is a brother of Lord Fingall, in 1870. Lady Coke is also an American, as is also Lady Arthur Butler, the future Marchioness of Ormonde, formerly Miss Ellen Stager, daughter of General Anson Stager, of Chicago.

Lady Wolseley, of Wolseley, was Miss Anita Theresa Murphy, a daughter of Daniel T. Murphy, of San Francisco. She was married in 1883. Lady Hesketh also comes from the Golden Gate, being the daughter of the late Senator William Sharon, and was married, in 1880, to Sir Thomas Fermor Hesketh, Bart. Sir Thomas visited San Francisco in his steam-yacht, and while there was much *fêted*. Naturally, he met Miss Sharon, who was the reigning beauty of the Golden Gate city, and in a very short time was engaged to her. In this case it was not an exchange of dollars for a title, as Sir Thomas is enormously wealthy, and owns two magnificent country-seats in England. Since her marriage Lady Hesketh has made herself as popular in England as her husband did in California. This is saying a good deal, for Sir Thomas was entertained at a public dinner in San Francisco as a mark of esteem, he having lent his yacht to go to the rescue of a shipwrecked crew while staying there.

Last year Miss Helen Forbes Beckwith, of New York, familiarly known as "Baby" Beckwith, married Hon. Dudley Leigh. Miss Beckwith, as is well known, belonged to one of the exclusive Knickerbocker families of New York, and was, besides, the possessor of a very large fortune. She was a great favorite of the French Court in the Empire days, and, indeed, is a favorite in both countries, being as charming as she is pretty. Her husband is a brother of Lady Jersey, and will, one day, be Lord Leigh, of Stoneleigh, and owner of the historic castle of Kenilworth, his eldest brother, Hon. Charles Leigh, having been killed in Colorado some few years since. His uncle, the Honorable and Reverend James Wentworth

Leigh, also married an American, in 1871, Frances, daughter of the late Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia. Hon. Mrs. Charles Napier Lawrence, whose husband is the younger son of the late Lord Lawrence, the distinguished Indian Viceroy, was Miss Catherine Sumner Wiggan, the only daughter of the late Francis Wiggan, of New York. Through her mother, who was a Miss Gerard, of New York, she inherits the staunch old New England blood of Increase Sumner. Several years after Mr. Wiggan's death her mother married a second time, Sir George Buckley Mathew, British Ambassador to Brazil.

Lady Abinger, whose husband died recently, was Ella, daughter of Commodore Magruder, U.S.N. She was married in 1867. The Hon. Mrs. Michael Herbert is also an American, being a daughter of R. T. Wilson and sister of Mrs. Goelet. Her husband, who is attached to the British Legation at Washington, is a brother of Lord Pembroke and of the erstwhile famous beauty, Lady de Grey. Lady Grantley is also an American, being the eldest daughter of Mr. William Henry McVickar. She was married to Lord Grantley in 1879.

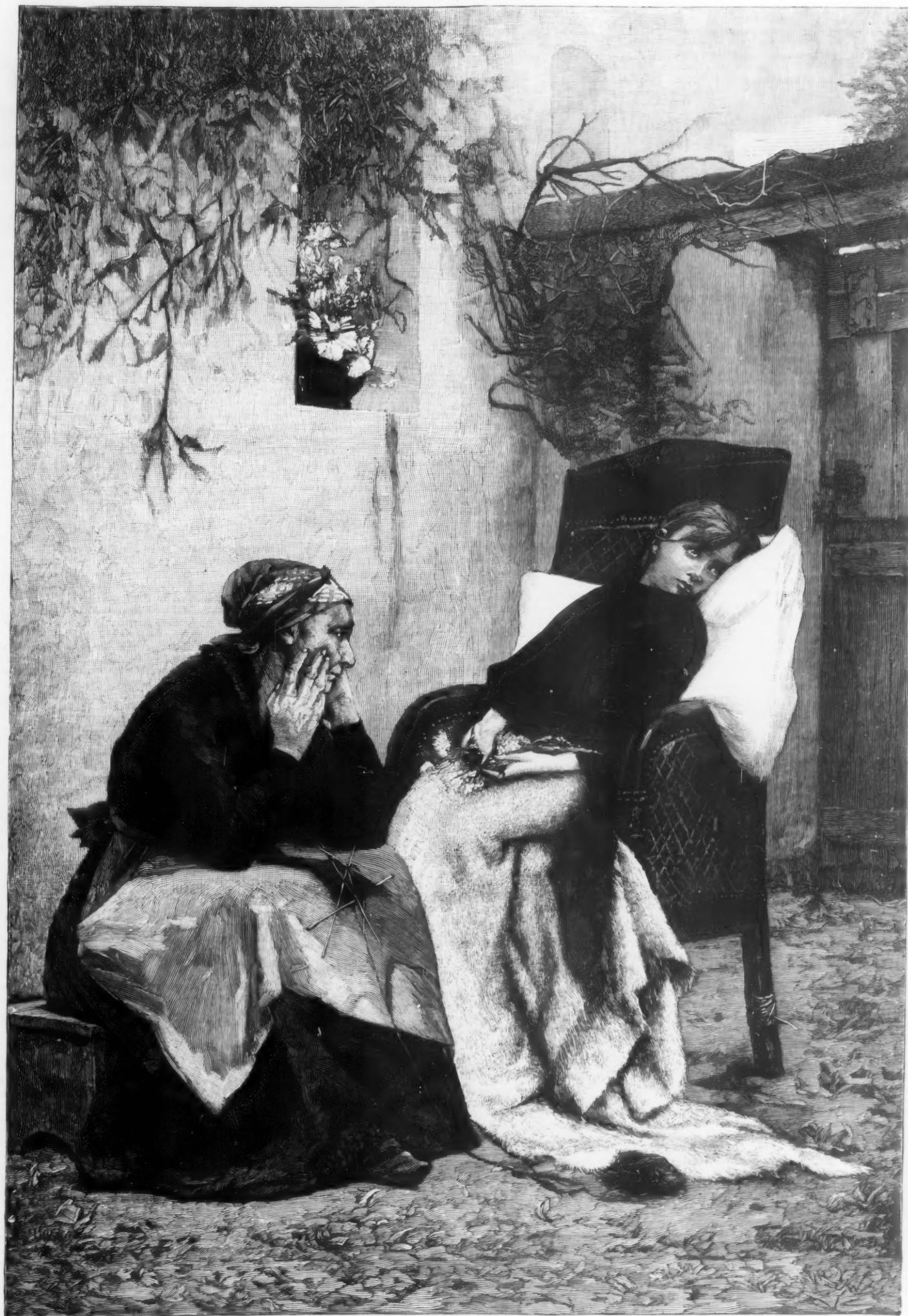
Lady Edmond Fitzmaurice, whose husband is brother of Lord Landsdowne, was Miss Caroline Fitzgerald, of Litchfield, Conn., and Hon. Mrs. Charles Maule Ramsay was Miss Estelle Garrison. Mrs. Adair, of Rathdaire, is the eldest of a trio of attractive sisters, one of whom, Mrs. Smith Barry, is an acknowledged power amongst the political constituents of her husband, who claims the earldom of Barrymore. She is also a very handsome woman, a distinction shared equally by Mrs. Adair, who has inherited in a liberal degree very much of the renowned beauty of her mother, Miss Wharton, of Philadelphia, an extremely beautiful girl, who, after her marriage with Mr. James Wadsworth, became a noted belle in America, and of whom it is recorded that men and women stood up on stools and chairs whenever she entered a ballroom to catch a glimpse of her exquisite loveliness.

Mrs. Adair's father, General Wadsworth, was a typical gentleman of the old colonial school, handsome, stately, brave and fearless. Like his ancestors before him in Revolutionary days, he, too, sacrificed his life in the war of 1861. When she married Mr. Adair, in 1867, she was the widow of Colonel Ritchie, U.S.A.

Miss Jennie Chamberlain, of Cleveland, is now Mrs. Naylor Leyland. Last year Miss Forbes-Leith married Captain Burn. She is said to have had a dowry of five hundred thousand dollars, which is quite likely, considering her father's wealth and the fact that she is an only daughter.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.—Recent subscribers who have not received the volumes of TENNYSON'S poems issued prior to date of subscription, can have same in lieu of the novel or novels, according to numbers. Five volumes have already been issued.



NEARING THE END. FROM THE PAINTING BY M. JENOUDÉ.



STREET-CAR STRIKE IN INDIANAPOLIS—PARADE OF THE STRIKERS.



STREET-CAR STRIKE IN INDIANAPOLIS—A GATHERING OF STRIKERS BEFORE THE STABLES.

A MEANING.

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

Roses, laughter, a song, a kiss,
Buds of April and bloom of May,
Life's wide, exquisite joy in this—
To-morrow's dream and the dear to-day.

Heart, do you guess what their meaning is?
Faded flowers on a broken spray,
Eyes that mourn for the light they miss—
Life's lost bliss in sweet yesterday.

THE ATHLETIC WORLD.

THE baseball machine seems to be ready to start. All the cogs have been oiled and the sand removed from the springs, by the magnates at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last week. This promises to be a very successful season, and the dates seem to have been given out very impartially, which is not always the case. The continual squabbling among the rival leagues for the past two years has not tended to increase the popularity of the game, and we hope that the same interest will be aroused among the baseball public—and their name is legion—as was visible in 1889, and not since.

Mr. Day's fight for Richardson has been beneficial in one phase, at least. If it did not bring "Danny" back to the Giants, it served the purpose of showing where the blame should lie.

The Manhattan Athletic Club will devote considerable attention to baseball this season. They have already made dates with the leading colleges. The team will be managed by Mr. Chasseaux.

Lovett may be exchanged by Brooklyn for a well-known catcher.

Yale will play the Giants at the Polo Grounds on April 9th. A close game is expected.

"Jack" McMasters, the popular Brooklyn trainer, has been re-engaged by Princeton in that capacity. He expects "Pete" Vredenburg, who is now doing some wonderful work in the sprints, to win the "hundred" and the "two-twenty" and the intercollegiate games.

The New Jersey Athletic Club, of Bergen Point, has arranged to give their usual monster athletic, baseball and cycling carnival on Decoration Day.

Tommy Conneff has thrown away the idea of becoming a professional. This is good news. He writes to say that he will try for the Irish and English championships this year, but will be on hand for the A. A. U. meeting.

As was expected, Fitzsimmons won the great fight last week in New Orleans. Maher was "not in it" at any stage of the game, and now, of course, the men who backed the Irishman are whimpering and calling him all sorts of names—"quitter," etc. The fact of the matter is that Maher showed a great deal of common sense in stopping when he saw that there was nothing but defeat waiting for him, and by so doing avoided a great deal of unnecessary punishment. Of course, as is reported, he took to drink to soothe his nerves, and attempted to throw himself out of a train going at sixty miles an hour. Maher is a good fighter, but Fitzsimmons is a wonder.

John L. Sullivan has issued a challenge to the world for a fight for not less than twenty-five thousand dollars, with a side bet of ten thousand dollars, to take place next autumn. Mitchell immediately began to talk about accepting it, and as we go to press the two men are fighting it out through the newspapers. This is not the way to do it.

Neither money nor pains has been spared to make the six-day bicycle race at the Madison Square Garden a success. The public will appreciate the new rule, that the men are only to race from 1 P. M. to 1 A. M., and we will not be disgusted with the sight of a lot of wretched men, wabbling round a track in the middle of the night, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, their trainers prodding them on for fear they would go to sleep on their machines. As it is, the men are fresh and considerable better time is made. There are also numberless small races, and Maltby, the fancy rider.

The "meet" of the Harlem wheelmen was a great success financially, but they made the great mistake of having too many events on the programme. The "meet" was not over until 1 P. M., and the spectators got tired of even the very good races, of which there were plenty. Also of

umbles, but happily there were no serious falls. Berio and Banker were the two stars.

Among the swordsmen who have entered the fencing championships of the Amateur Fencers' League is W. H. Howard, the recognized champion of New England, and a member of the B. A. A.

There are one hundred and fifteen thousand bicycle clubmen in England and Wales, and, oh, what roads!

The crack New Jersey bowling team, the Atlantas, lost their tie for first with the New Yorks in the Wheelmen's League by being defeated by the Riverside wheelmen last week.

The Jersey City Athletic Club, twice winners of the A. A. U. bowling championships, have a good record in this year's preliminaries, having only lost one game; but the Palmas lead all, having won every game they have played.

The Board of Governors of the American Amateur Bowling Union held a meeting in Parlor L of the Astor House last week to arrange the necessary matters for the final tournament.

The annual speed-skating championships of the N. A. S. A. A. were decided, last week, on Muchachatoes Lake, outside Newburg; and, as usual, Joe Donohue carried off the four honors which were contested for—viz.: the one-fourth mile, the mile, the five miles and the ten miles. He may well look out for Mosher next year, though.

Water-polo is becoming very popular, and we may expect to see plenty of it played this season.

Corbett is out again with several letters to Sullivan. This is about all that it will amount to.

Salmon trout-fishing is now legal in New Jersey. The few already taken are fine specimens.

The annual general meeting of the Metropolitan District Cricket League was held at the Willow Club last week. New officers for the coming year were appointed and several new clubs were elected to the League.

The undecided bouts in the wrestling department of the A. A. U. have been decided in the gymnasium of the New York Athletic Club. Weiss and Breyer were the winners in the one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and thirty-five-pound class, respectively.

MONEY AND ITS MINIONS.

A PROMINENT financier of this city, who has just returned from an extensive tour in the West, says that he has never in all his experience seen money so plentiful in the Western States as at present.

The plan of the Richmond Terminal Reorganization Committee will be made public before long.

A bill has been introduced into the Ohio Senate for the sale of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad.

There is likely to be a change in the Union Pacific management at the approaching election.

The crisis of the fight between the Alabama and Pennsylvania iron product is felt to have arrived. The market has gone to pieces, and Birmingham factories have one hundred thousand tons in their yards.

Over one million dollars in gold will be shipped within the next week.

The management of the Edison General and the Thomson-Houston Companies are considering several plans for taking care of the big floating debt which is assumed by the new corporation. The plan that seems to meet with the most favor is to fund the debt with an issue of new five per cent. bonds.

It is said that the Union Pacific is arranging a plan for the refunding of its first mortgage bonds, and also the Government debt, on a four per cent. basis.

We do not think that there will be an advance this week in any of the general list, although St. Paul may be looked to for a slight spurt.

The bank statement shows a loss in surplus reserve of \$5,667,475, due mainly to the movement of currency interiorward and to the outward flow of gold.

The advance in Lake Shore last week was credited to Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt.

The alarming reports of Mr. Jay Gould's illness continue to disturb the Street. There is never smoke without fire.

Fire insurance rates have gone up twenty per cent. in Philadelphia.

Sidney Dillon and Russell Sage appeared last week before the Special Committee of the Senate, which is to investigate the Reading coal deal, but found out that they did not know anything about it. Neither Mr. Sage nor Mr. Dillon knew why they had been retired as directors of the Jersey Central. Mr. Dillon said that probably the men who had been elected to succeed them had a right to representation on the Board.

Now that the Supreme Court of Ohio has decided that the five-hundred-million-dollar Standard Oil Trust is illegal the Attorney-General will at once commence an action to have that concern so considered in this State.

According to a mining paper, the dividends paid by the mining companies during February last amounted to \$1,156,920.

President Miller, of the St. Paul Road, says that the company can pay two and one-half per cent. on the common stock, and have a good surplus at that.

The annual election of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange took place last week. Harmony prevailed on all sides.

Rumors are out to the effect that a dividend will be declared very soon on St. Paul common.

At the next annual meeting of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, to be held in August, President Lloyd Tevis will hand in his resignation.

The Executive Council of the American Banker's Association have decided to hold the annual convention in San Francisco on September 7th and 8th. This council has drafted a bill, which they will present to the Legislatures of the several States, to abolish the days of grace.

The first long-distance telephone between New York and Chicago will be completed within a year.

The Interstate Commerce Law seems to be doomed.

We predict that the latter part of March will see a very heavy movement in grain to the West, where the movement has been light for some time.

A receiver has been appointed for the Pittsburg, Akron and Western Railway Company on liabilities amounting to about two hundred thousand dollars.

The street-car lines of St. Louis are forming a trust. Every line in the city has agreed to enter as soon as some minor difficulties have been smoothed over. The capital stock is fixed at fifteen million dollars.

It would not be surprising if silver should again spring into new life and become once more a specialty in trading. It looks like it now.

In Dakota a much larger acreage will be sown than last year. In South Dakota the outlook is regarded as the best at this season for many years.

The proposed consolidation of the elevated roads in Brooklyn is progressing well. A written plan has been presented by the Brooklyn Union Company to the Kings County Company.

It looks as though an international monetary conference had been arranged. This would be beneficial to all nations, and the project is heartily indorsed by all the leading men of the day.

THE STREET-CAR STRIKE IN INDIANAPOLIS.

THE recent street-car strike in Indianapolis meant business from the word go. The men were very determined; so was the company. Mayor Sullivan refused point blank to give the company police aid. Orders were issued by the company that were not heeded by the men. A mule-car was run out, to be run in again. The decision announced on the 20th of February by the company's president, John P. Frenzel, that he could not reinstate (all) the men recently discharged nor increase wages, prepared the community for the strike, which was declared early Sunday morning, at the meeting of the brotherhood of street railway employees. Each side deliberately foresaw the outcome of pending negotiations, and the strike surprised neither party to it nor the public. The cause of the strike is pretty generally understood. It is the outgrowth of the controversy over badges, upon which the employees should have free riding privileges. Other nominal causes, as wages and dismissal of employees, are made the immediate subject of the present difference, but all dates back to the badge question, and this strike would not have resulted had the first cause been settled satisfactorily. On March 2d the tie-up ended, and Receiver Steel was given entire charge by Judge Taylor.

THE STRANGE DELUSION OF COUNSELOR HENRY NORTH.

By JULIUS CHAMBERS.

"PRISONER, rise and look upon the jury. Gentlemen, have you agreed upon your verdict?" It was the clerk of the court who spoke.

"We have."

"And what say you? Do you find the prisoner—guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty—of murder in the first degree."

So said the foreman of the jury, and the hush of death overspread the court as the panel was polled, man by man.

The prisoner, a tall, blonde girl, had shot her affianced husband on the street. Her father, a respected merchant of a neighboring city, had engaged Henry North, the most famous criminal lawyer of his day, to defend her. The address to the jury by North had been one of the most sympathetic appeals ever made to a jury. It had touched every tender chord in the human heart. It had appealed to the jurymen as fathers, as brothers and as husbands. Everybody said that Henry North never had been so brilliant, never so magnetic.

And yet he had failed!

The keenest chagrin was written on every line of his face, but as he gathered up his papers he commented solely to himself:

"I knew it would be so!"

Knew what? How could he have foreseen the verdict when every other person in the courtroom had confidently expected an acquittal? What could he have meant?

The great criminal lawyer regained his composure in a moment. He made the usual motion for a new trial, stepped to the side of the convicted murderess, assured her that hope still remained, then shook the long, slender hand of the staring, statuesque woman as she was remanded for sentence. The next instant he was seen rushing hurriedly toward the stairway.

The Oyer and Terminer courtroom, as everybody knows, is at the head of the long, marble staircase leading toward Broadway.

Hardly a minute later, before the room had cleared, a cry was heard in the outer hall. It was a shriek of agony and horror!

At the foot of the marble steps, gasping for breath, lay the famous advocate, Henry North, the idol of his profession. At the top of the landing North had been seen to reel, and before anybody could reach him he had plunged headlong to the bottom of the flight. Blood rose to his lips, his eyes were wide open, but appeared to be staring at an invisible object. The clammy moisture of death was upon his brow.

The dying man was raised in the arms of a young clerk, as a gaping crowd quickly gathered. He lived only long enough to say:

"He has killed me at last. He was crouching at the head of the stairs and tripped me." Then had come the shriek and the agonizing words: "Keep him off! Go 'way!"

Henry North ceased to breathe.

The death was the sensation of a week. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New York. But the mystery surrounding his last words remained. Many theories were advanced to explain them, none of which, to the shame of our common humanity, were creditable to the deceased, though there never had been a shadow upon his name.

I was the clerk who received the last confidences of Henry North. He was my father, and the secret of his life and tragic death had been the mystery of our family. Among his papers was found the following narrative, addressed to me, which, after careful consideration, I have decided to publish, to refute the calumny cast upon my father's name as a lawyer and as a man. The first date is of six months ago, though the final page was undoubtedly written the last morning of his life. It is entitled, "The Black Dog":

"March 15, 1885.—Something mysterious came into my life ten years ago to-day. Its influence upon my career has been such that I feel I must make some record of it, not knowing what may be its future developments. I also feel that I owe it to my dear son to leave some explanation of things that may have appeared strange to him and that may require investigation or—defense. Indeed, I have suspected that he has noticed my strange conduct. Of late I observe that he finds an excuse for accompanying me to court and seeks my companionship more than formerly.

"My misfortune arose in this way: When a young lawyer, I was elected to the New York Assembly during the reform revolt of 1874 that swept Tilden into the Governorship. The session of '74 and '75 was an eventful one. Everybody will recall the great struggle with the Canal Ring, in which I bore a prominent part. Near the close of the session I was asked to introduce a bill. It came from one of my constituents and was framed in the interests of the wool-growing farmers in the center of the State. It authorized the killing of all vagrant dogs in counties north of the Harlem River. I presented it without proper consideration, and when the bill came up for final passage I found myself committed in its favor.

"Horace Bunning, of a Hudson River District, rose when the bill was called up, and, in order to secure the floor, moved to strike out the enacting clause. Then he made one of the most attractive speeches I ever listened to, though every word was a reproach and a humiliation to me. Every sentence of it was so burned into my heart that I am able to reproduce it now. He spoke with deep feeling:

"Gentlemen: This bill must not pass. I rise here in my place to oppose it—seriously, stubbornly, to the last limit of my parliamentary rights—because I have left a

friend at home who is vitally interested. In my absence, he is the guardian of my family, the companion of my wife and children. He is sleepless in my interests. I trust him, and he is worthy of any man's supreme confidence. As a comrade, he never has faltered in his devotion to me. Now that I am honored with a seat in your distinguished body he is no prouder of me than when I was a struggling lawyer seeking my first case. He'd give his life for mine at any moment. Though a devoted slave to me, he's a peer of the realm. He's a dog, a noble specimen of his race.

"I love him. And I say he must not die by the hand of man!

"Recall the dogs of history. Have you forgotten Llewellyn's grand Gelert! Is gone from us all memory of the immortal Barry, of the great St. Bernard, for whom a stately monument is reared at Berne? Are we not told that Ketmir, faithful guardian of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, was admitted into Paradise by Mahomet! Can we, as law-makers, overlook the glorious judicial combat to the death between the devoted dog of Aubrey and the murder of his master? Do we forget that Byron, the Prince Royal of our English tongue, made for himself a grave at Newstead Abbey by the side of his beloved mastiff, Boatswain? And Maera, too, descended from the noblest dogs of all antiquity, was translated to the heavens, to become a dog-star of the northern sky!

"Oh! Men among you, hang your heads in shame!

"The dog has shown in song and story since the world began—no living creature so nearly allied to man. Indeed, 'tis said he learned to bark by harkening to human speech. His dream of life is to serve mankind. His master's heart is the only heaven he knows.

"No temptation can corrupt him. Friends prove false, but his fidelity endures through life. And, if misfortune dire o'ertakes the master, the dog alone does not desert. Ah! when comes the end—that last sad scene of all—friends, family, home, all gone, this faithful comrade follows the body to an unmarked grave in the Potter's Field, where, prone upon the soft, dank mound, he wails a requiem and dies."

"This speech had a magical effect. It put me in a false position. I loved the dog as well as he, but my unfortunate attitude as sponsor for the bill compelled me to defend it. But I was sorry when it passed by a small majority.

"A few nights after, when I came home to my apartments, I found a great, black dog stretched upon the white bear-skin before my fire.

"He raised his head, and his great, brown eyes stared me full in the face. His was a sympathetic look, but to my imagination, distorted by long brooding on the subject, he had come to reproach me for my act. The animal was sorry for me.

"Naturally, I resented this and ordered him to leave; but he lay quite motionless, and his great, brown eyes continued to follow me about. I became infuriated and kicked at him viciously. The dog, unmoved, still lay unhurt before me.

"I had kicked a spectral dog!

"As I rose upright, I saw the glossy, black and clearly outlined form of the crouching animal slowly vanishing. Like smoke it arose before my eyes, enveloping me.

"Next day I saw that dog again! And I have seen him every day during the ten years that have intervened.

"I am sure that other people do not see him; but this animal has become an integral part of my existence. He accompanies me on the street, into the Assembly Chamber, into the committee-room and back to my lodgings.

"I have been carrying a cane, but I have had to leave the stick at home because the dog was constantly crowding between it and my leg; and, when friends were walking with me, they were unable to understand my involuntary exclamations of annoyance.

"Yet, strange as it may appear, I began to grow fond of my spectral associate. Companionship is natural to man; and we know, in the light of history and experience, that it is life itself to the canine race. Our days passed very happily together. We led the same regular lives. I generally walked to my office; but, when the weather was bad, I always selected the best route out of consideration for my devoted companion. At times I even took a carriage on his account. His care became my enthusiasm.

"Resuming my law practice with renewed energy, I was gratified to find that the dog accompanied me into court and curled himself up under my table while I was trying a case. After a few experiences, I observed a very curious fact, namely, that the animal always left the room before the jury returned, if the verdict were to be adverse to my client. At first, this act suggested to me a tender regard for my feelings—a desire not to witness my chagrin at defeat. As the thought developed in my mind, I frequently detected myself making a speech to the dog instead of to the jury. I watched his face with more care than I did that of any man in the courtroom. I hoped to read there a sure indication of the verdict. But he always maintained the same attentive attitude, and gave no sign until he left the room. Then, he always awaited me outside the door, lovingly licked my hand and accompanied me home.

"As my criminal practice rapidly grew, I daily studied his conduct more closely. I had already decided that his judgment was infallible. He never erred. He appeared to understand law—the technicalities, rather than the equities, of a case. Ah! what a judge he'd make—my dog!

"Yet, the appalling thing about this delusion is that it has changed my whole life. I was married before the misfortune overtook me, but I have become estranged in my home. I lead a solitary life. I have given up my clubs, my friends and all my social habits. I have been, and am, in constant fear that somebody else will discover that I am followed by a black dog; that I am cursed by a delusion; that I am not a single entity, but have a demon—gentle, if you please, but an old Greek demon—bound to me. That

would be horrible! I'd have to kill myself; and I'm afraid of death.

"How is it all going to end?"

Note by the Son.—I do not omit any quotation from my father's diary during the six months that followed the extract just given, though there are pages of the most agonizing and pitiful narrative, in which he lays bare his daily life so fully—his hopes, his sufferings, with rare gleams of joy—that it seems profanation to the dead to make them public. There are constant references to the dog, generally in a friendly spirit, but less frequently in he spoken of with enthusiasm. On the last page, evidently written before he left for the courtroom on the fatal morning, I find this:

"September 18, 1885.—Since the Katie King murder case has been on trial I have noticed a change in the dog's demeanor. He has become tricky, where before he was sympathetic. He has grown vicious. There is a treacherous leer in his great, brown eyes. I have detected him twice in the act of tripping me! Slipping stealthily before me, he will crouch in my path. Twice have I escaped terrible falls, almost by a miracle. His temper has wholly changed. He sulks and snaps at times. He hasn't injured me yet, but I am beginning to fear him. It is more than fear—it is mortal terror! . . . But I hope for a verdict to-day. Then I'll rest. A trip to Europe may clear my brain of the clouds that darken it. I'll go where the 'cursed beast cannot follow me."

I, his son and private secretary, add my dear father's last words, as I held him in my arms, to make his narrative complete:

"He has killed me at last. He was crouching at the head of the stairs—tripped me." To which should be added his agonizing appeal, not heard by other ears than mine: "Take him away! Keep him off! He has me by the throat! And I had forgiven him."

ROUND THE WORLD.

WITH the rumors of war, fear is expressed by officers of our navy that white is not the proper color for our new ships. It will be time enough to drape them in black when war is inevitable. The objection is due to the fact that white objects can be described much further in the night than black ones. These young officers should remember that Napoleon always rode a white horse from choice.

The first blood for free coinage was drawn on March 7th. The majority favoring a consideration of Mr. Bland's bill was large enough to assure the passage of the measure in the House. The Democrats did not vote as a unit, by any means. The tactics of the Republicans, led by ex-Speaker Reed, foreshadow a determination on their part to assist the free silver men in carrying out their plan because of the embarrassment which such a bill will cause certain Democratic Presidential candidates in the Senate. March 22d, 23d and 24th have been set down for a debate upon the unlimited silver bill.

For some unexplained reason the health officials of New York have been creating a scare about typhus. The reports have been forwarded to Europe and to all parts of the United States that an epidemic of the dreaded fever existed in the metropolis. Nothing could be further from the facts, though there has been an increase in the number of cases as compared with the same season last year.

The widow of the late actor William J. Florence has been confirmed in the possession of her husband's estate. The contest set up by the brother of the testator, on the ground that a codicil not yet produced made him an heir to a portion of the hundred thousand dollars, closed with an adverse decision by the Surrogate. When it is remembered that Mrs. Florence has been a constant companion of her husband upon the stage for the past quarter of a century, and that the fortune in dispute was largely won by her joint efforts, there seems nothing unreasonable in the theory that at his death the actor should have left the estate to her.

Canada is having an epidemic of divorce cases, involving several of the most prominent families in Ontario, Winnipeg and Nova Scotia. Severe climate seems to be conducive to unhappiness in marriage.

New York furnishes another curious case of theft. Thomas Coffey had been a conductor on the Broadway Railroad, but was laid off just as his car was leaving the station for its noon trip. Another man had been placed in charge. Coffey waited until the car had got under way, ran after it and told the new conductor that he was wanted at the station. The ex-employee then took possession of the car and collected the fares all the way down Broadway and back. He was arrested, and will be prosecuted criminally.

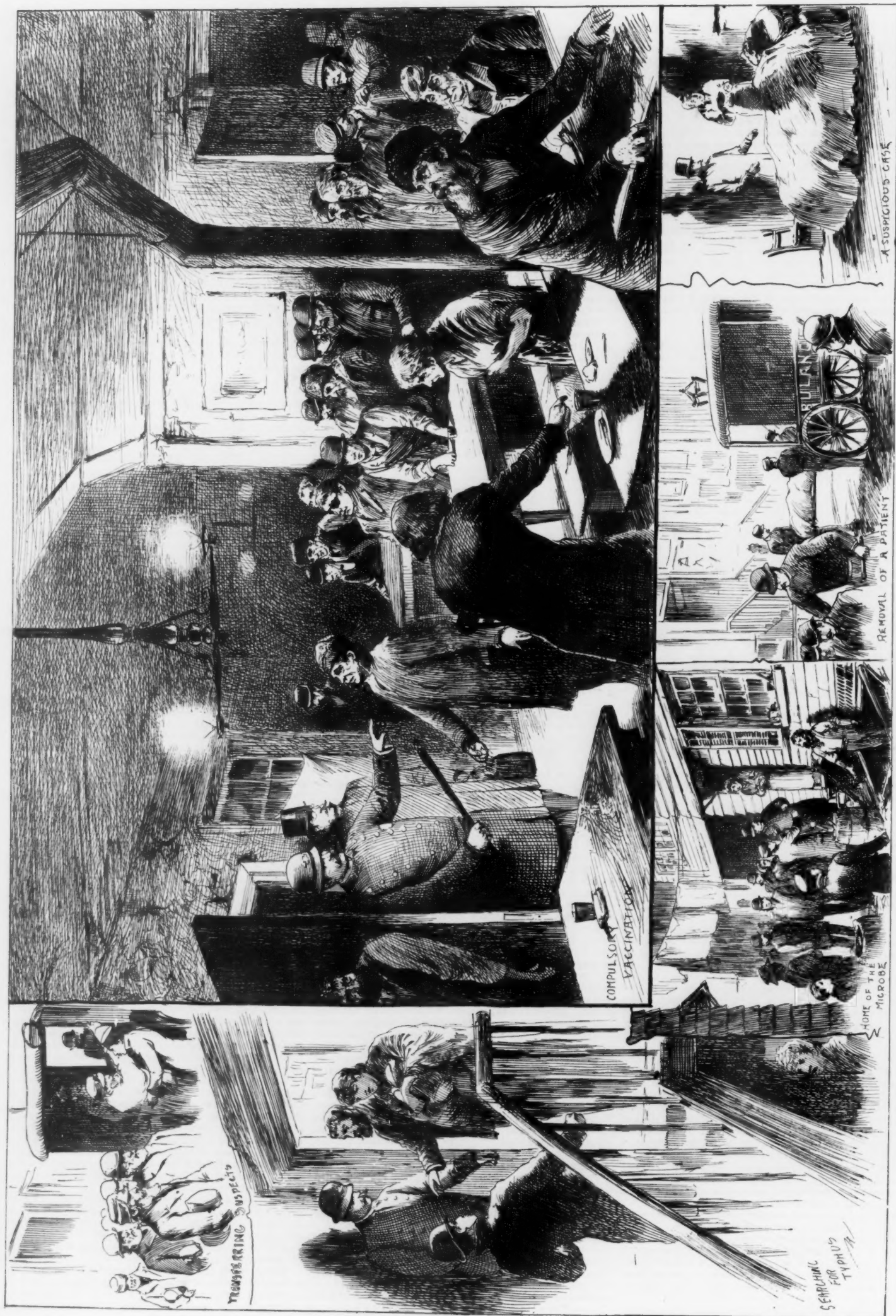
The long-threatened suit of the widow of Jefferson Davis against Robert Belford and the Belford Publishing Company, to secure an accounting for the royalties that she claims to be due her on the Life of the Ex-President of the Confederate States, has been brought. Mrs. Davis alleges that the defendants have broken their contract with her, and asks that they be enjoined from selling any more copies of the book. She further states that no money whatever has been paid her on account of the work. An injunction has been granted.

The giddy waltz presents new terrors since one night last week in which a young man in Brooklyn fell on the floor and broke his right leg in two places. How far this will act as a deterrent remains to be seen.

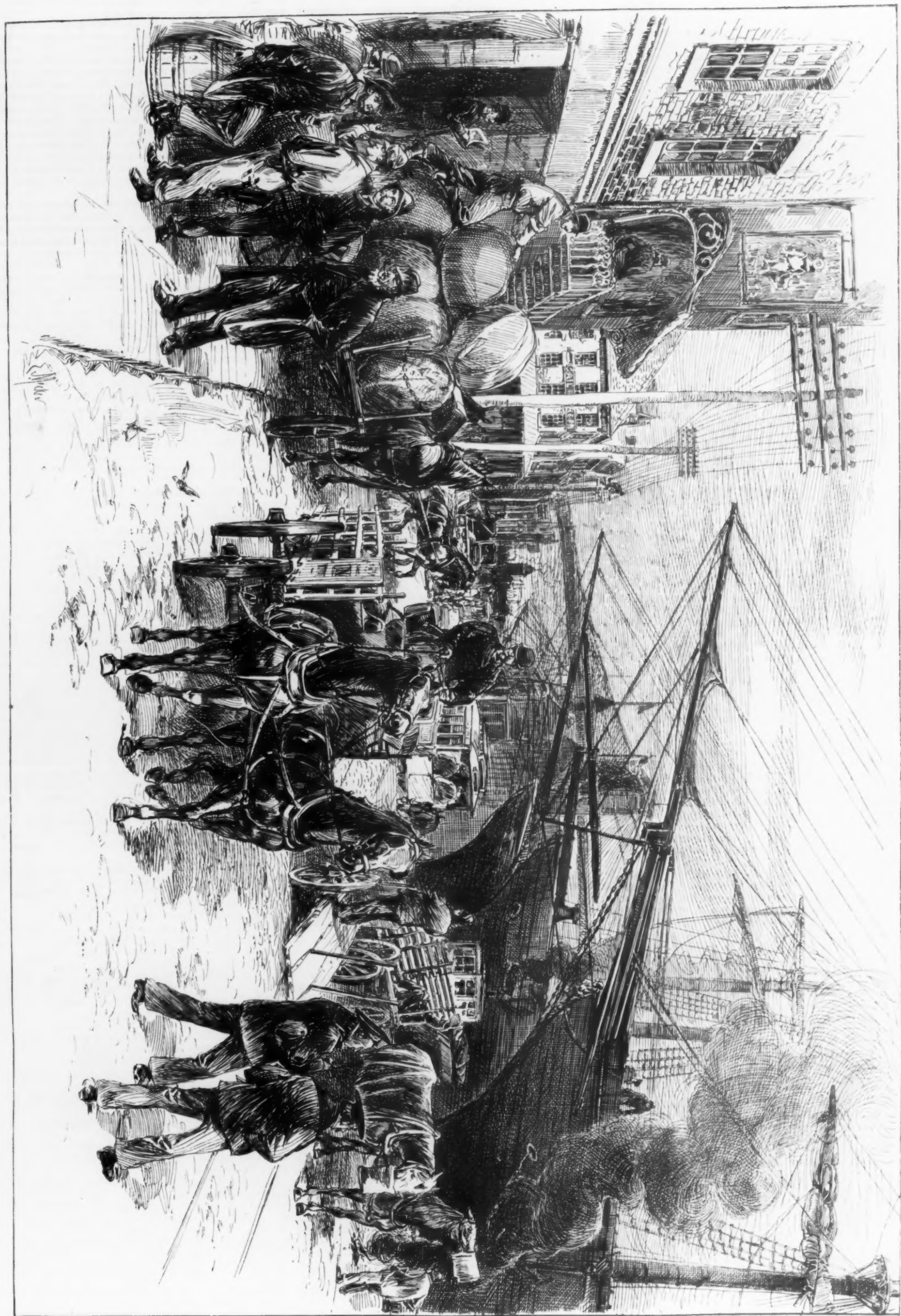
Senator David B. Hill has made another flying trip to the South.

The secret is out at last explaining why the gambling-houses at Saratoga so publicly conduct their business during the summer months. Two of the police commissioners have been accused of receiving large sums of money in payment for "protection."

(Continued on page 10.)



NEW YORK—THE HOME OF TYPHUS. HEALTH OFFICERS MAKING SEARCHES.



NEW YORK—A SCENE ON SOUTH STREET.

ROUND THE WORLD IN TWENTY MINUTES.

(Continued from page 7.)

THE latest Dakota divorce granted for the benefit of New York society was obtained by Madame de Steurs, a granddaughter of William B. Astor and a cousin of young John Jacob Astor. She was a well-known society belle prior to her marriage to the Minister Plenipotentiary to the Netherlands. Eight months ago she went to Sioux Falls, where, after obtaining a legal residence, she filed a bill asking a divorce, alleging extreme cruelty. The De Steurs family have been living very unhappily, it appeared from the evidence. The husband, however, set up a defense on the statutory grounds, naming Elliot Zborowski, of New York, as co-respondent. Madame de Steurs, however, obtained her decree, and, a few hours later, married Zborowski. This young man is a well-known character in New York and inherited a large fortune, which he has very much increased by speculation. This is not his first escapade.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad continues to enlarge the circle of its allies. The latest addition to the happy family is the New York, Lake Erie and Western. With this great trunk line added to the pool, the Reading alliance becomes one of the greatest that the world has ever known.

The steamer *Missouri* has taken to Russia a cargo of flour and cornmeal for the suffering peasantry. Every pound of this food was contributed by the millers of the United States, and the transportation and steamship companies have delivered it in the famine-stricken country absolutely free of all expense.

Mrs. Florence Ethel Osborne, the wife of Captain Osborne of the Sixth Dragoon Guards, was arraigned at the Old Bailey, in London, and pleaded guilty to the indictment found against her for perjury and larceny. Despite the fact that Mrs. Hargreaves, whose diamonds she had stolen, piteously begged for mercy, the offender was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment at hard labor. While the punishment is thoroughly deserved, certain physical reasons render the infliction thereof just at this time exceedingly harsh. This Osborne case has been a great shock to the Prince of Wales's set, and follows with undue promptitude upon the Wilson-Cumming scandal at Tranby Croft. While cheating at cards may be slightly inferior in gravity to robbing one's hostess of her family diamonds and selling them to a pawnbroker, the two occurrences leave a very unpleasant impression upon the average American mind regarding the morals of the higher classes in England. Throughout the Osborne case has appeared the splendid devotion of a husband who fully realized the gravity of the oath that bound him to his wife, "for better or for worse"; and, whatever his personal detestation of her acts may have been, he has steadfastly remained by her side, loyally doing everything possible to sustain her and to secure her all the rights and protection of the court. Though his future has been clouded irrevocably, he has furnished a charming example of true manhood. Recognition of this fact has been shown by the chivalrous way in which his comrades in the Dragoon Guards have rallied about him. His manly offer to resign from the army was declined by the War Office, at the urgent solicitation of his fellow Guardsmen.

The allegation that there is such a dialect as newspaper English is an insult to the press of the country. The *Chicago News* declares that Librarian Spofford "demeans himself by his sweeping condemnation of Rudyard Kipling." Demean does not mean to lower or degrade, but to conduct. Recently the same paper spoke of an "allusion to the death of Ex-Minister Pierrepoint." Of course, it makes no difference to an editor in the Western metropolis that "allude" means to playfully refer to a person or an event. It is derived from our old schoolboy friend *ludo*, a play.

An Iowa inventor has undertaken to build a steamer that can carry a cargo from the river towns of the upper Mississippi to the sea and thence across the ocean to any part of the world. He has raised the money, but the new craft hasn't made her first trip across the Gulf of Mexico or the larger pond beyond. Until she returns safely on her first round trip her voyages may be classed with those of Sinbad the Sailor.

The latest thing in the way of trusts is a corner on the sponge trade. The "conchs" of Key West are greatly agitated over the fact that the wholesale sponge firms of the country have agreed to employ only one buyer on that parched-up island. This destroys competition, and the sponge-hunters must either sell at the price which the sole representative of the syndicate fixes, or must keep their goods. This is a serious problem in a town like Key West. The lonely representative of the sponge interest is advised to place himself under the protection of the bare-footed police.

Mr. Jay Gould has supplemented his gift of ten thousand dollars to the Presbyterian Church Extension Fund by a present of twenty-five thousand dollars to the University of the City of New York. This will probably enable the trustees of that institution to discontinue the letting their rooms for bachelor apartments. If a fire should ever occur in "Chrysalis College" it is highly probable that some very sensational articles could appear in the daily newspapers.

Spring is surely here. Already the genial face of P. T. Barnum illumines the dead walls and bill-boards, promising the delights of the circus to the small boy. The fact that Barnum himself has passed to the silent majority will not be soon forgotten, because in the hearts of American children his personality is immortal.

Yellow fever is reported to be raging at Santos, and every vessel from the plague-stricken Brazilian city undergoes the most rigid quarantine that the law affords.

Mr. Ward McAllister is very unhappy because there are four hundred and forty-four members of the Electoral College. There are forty-four too many.

New York and Brooklyn are to be connected by two more bridges across the East River. Governor Flower incorporated in the bill a clause that insures the payment of a fixed annuity to the cities. He signed the bill with a new gold pen.

March came in like a lion, and may be expected to pass into history to the accompaniment of mint sauce.

Anarchism has reappeared with a considerable show of front in Spain and Germany. It is the old revolt of the proletariat against kingship, which, to them, is responsible for all the suffering that they know; but it should be remembered that what is called "oppression" in Germany is synonymous with the cry for bread in England. The Nihilists have been taking a few days off in Russia, and the Czar has not slept in his steel shirt for some time.

House to house mail collection is being practically tried for the first time in St. Louis. The plan seems to work very successfully, and it will shortly be given another test in Washington.

Having accumulated more money in the past twenty years than any corporation known in the history of this country, the Standard Oil Company now threatens to retire from business because an Ohio Court has decided that the charter under which it exists is of a very doubtful legality. Nobody accepts the threat as serious. It is quite probable that the form of the Trust may be abandoned and the enormous business carried on under a firm name—a distinction without any very great difference, so far as dividends are concerned.

Cotton recently reached the lowest price on record in Liverpool. Experienced men declare that this is not a temporary result of speculation, but is the direct result of competition between American, Indian and Egyptian cotton fields. It is not denied that American cotton is of a shade better quality. American cotton is no longer king of the commercial world. The Civil War abolished slavery and the plantation system. Under free labor the cotton lands of the South have been enormously increased in their productiveness. The total cotton crop of the world is now much greater than the spindles of the world can work into fabrics. Every market is glutted, and prices have fallen to the lowest point ever known. The ultimate result will probably be to bury the agriculture of the South.

Suits for damages against the city of New Orleans have been begun by heirs of six of the Italians slain by the population at the Parish prison about a year ago this month. The petition alleges that the death of the men resulted from a conspiracy, and avers that no proper steps were taken to protect the prisoners, though the purposes of the conspirators were well known.

Fifty-eight colored people have recently sailed from New York for Liberia. This exodus of negroes from the land of their adoption to the country of their race threatens to become general, and the Liberian Colonization Society has sent out circulars cautioning the Southern negroes who have comfortable homes not to leave them for the uncertainties of Liberia.

One of the most capable leaders in the suffrage party is Laura Clay, daughter of Cassius Clay, of Kentucky. In the discussions of important matters Miss Clay gives evidence of uncommon good judgment, keen insight and logical reasoning that would, if she were a man, entitle her to a high place in the political arena.

Honoré Mercier, ex-Premier of the Province of Quebec, Dominion of Canada, is a disgraced man. He was repudiated at the polls, and is threatened with a criminal prosecution for nefarious practices because of his connection with certain contracts for public improvements given out during his incumbency in office. Temptations to grow rich rapidly were too alluring for him to resist. His rise to power was remarkably rapid. During the last five years he has been the veritable idol of French-Canadianism, and was regarded as the most brilliant leader the Liberal party have ever had. Honors were showered upon him thick and fast. From abject poverty he found himself suddenly lifted to an equality with the richest men of the Dominion. His official salary was about five thousand dollars a year, but upon this he accumulated several millions of dollars. Recent investigations by a Royal Commission of Inquiry has shown that nearly a million dollars of the money of the Province of Quebec has found its way into the pockets of the intimate friends of the ex-Premier. Mercier bought valuable properties in Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa, traveled by special trains, gave grand dinner parties and had the finest stable of horses north of the St. Lawrence. Attention was called to Mercier's conduct by the disappearance of five thousand dollars from the subsidy granted to the Bal de Chaleurs Railway. A commission was appointed, and, on the testimony of the most conclusive character, Lieutenant-Governor Angers dismissed his ministers and dissolved the provincial Parliament, sending the members back to their constituents. The elections on March 8th completely ratified the action of the Lieutenant-Governor and added a popular verdict of condemnation to the ex-Premier. It is gratifying to be able to say that the Liberals throughout the entire Dominion have been frank and manly in their condemnation of Mercier's dishonesty. One or two of their leaders have taken ground quite as high as that assumed by Samuel J. Tilden, in New York, when Tweed was found to be a rascal. It is unfortunate for the cause of Canadian reciprocity with the United States that the Liberal party, now in utter disgrace, should have been its champion. This arose from the fact that nearly all the able, progressive men of the Dominion belong to that party, and annexation or commercial unity with the United States are confessedly projects verging upon Democratic-Liberalism. The Canadian Liberals, like the progressive people in Spain, Germany and Russia, have grown very weary of kings and royal blood.

New York has a woman embalmer of the dead. She is one of four in the United States, and of six in the world. Her name is Miss Heaton Dart, and she makes five dollars on each body she embalms.

The Czar has just turned his forty-seventh year, and the event was celebrated by launching a nine-thousand-ton iron-clad.

Three of the four Old South prizes given to graduates of the Boston high schools for the best essays on historical subjects were this year awarded to girls.

Nearly three hundred women are attending Boston University. Seven are in the law school, forty-three in the medical department and eleven in the school of theology.

Emile Zola's habits are extremely regular. He takes a walk every morning, usually leaving his house, whether at Medan or at Paris, about nine o'clock. He lunches at midday, and writes from one o'clock till six, receiving no visitors and transacting no business in the afternoon. He has a particular liking for large and massive pieces of furniture, so his writing-table and his library-chairs are of colossal proportions, as is also his inkstand, which is in bronze and represents a lion.

The coal strike in England has already thrown four hundred thousand miners out of work, and the factories that threaten to close because they cannot procure coal will turn two hundred thousand more workmen and workwomen into the street, if the strike continues.

Balfour is making a bad fist of his leadership in the House of Commons. Upon an insignificant issue, regarding the expurgating of three votes cast in Parliament by the directors of the British East African Company, Mr. Balfour was defeated on March 11th. During the debate the representative of the Government made several slurring references to political corruption in the United States, which were answered by Mr. Gladstone. Strangely enough, two of the three men directly rebuked by the vote were Americans at one period of their lives. Sir John Henry Puleston practiced his profession in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, and, later, was a member of Jay Cooke's firm in Philadelphia. Mr. Bartlett-Burdett-Countts is a Philadelphian by birth, and is famous chiefly because he married a dear old woman, forty years his senior, for her fortune. The raising of an issue regarding the integrity of our statesmen during a debate that involved the honor of three members of the British Parliament was certainly ill-timed.

In speaking of Lord Salisbury's attitude at the Berlin Congress, Prince Bismarck described him as "a lath painted to look like iron." Salisbury has been trying the same tactics as a "bluffer" that he attempted, with ill effect at that time, upon this country in the Behring Sea dispute; and, while no objection can be made on strictly diplomatic grounds, the noble lord should remember that America is the home of a game in which the element of bluff is a large factor, and is generally estimated for what it is worth. The fate of the seal fisheries treaty is still undecided, but the sentiment on the subject in Great Britain and the United States is quite pronounced. It is idle to say that there is any deep-seated popular hostility between the Empire and the Republic; but the disposition of the present Government in Downing street to carry matters with a high hand is likely to be met with resolute firmness at Washington. Canada is hardly likely to get involved in the dispute, because the pleasantest relations exist between the people of the United States and the Dominion. Canada will look on and wait.

An investigation of the defenses along the Canadian border shows that while there are no forts capable of defending any of the cities of the United States, the gunboats belonging to the Dominion Government are more than matched by vessels in our merchant service that could be transformed at once into war craft. The prospect of war with England is quite remote.

Miss Alice James, sister of Henry James, the novelist, died last week at her brother's home in London. She had been ill for several months. Her body was cremated and sent to America.

A French company is now building a street-car line in Tashkend, the capital of Russian Turkestan, where, not very many years ago, any white man who visited the place would have lost his head.

Miss Minnie Singer, daughter of the inventor of the sewing-machine, has succeeded in securing a ratification by the Pope of her divorce from Prince Schley, and is said to be about to marry the Count de Dion, a young aristocrat who has run through a fortune. He has fought several duels, the most notable one being with Aurelian Scholl, the witty Parisian journalist. The Count "pinked" his man. After Paul de Cassagnac, Count de Dion is the best swordsman in France.

Two hundred and fifteen men, women and boys were suffocated in the Anderlues colliery, near Charleroi, Belgium. The women employed in the mine were on the upper levels, but twenty-five of them perished.

Two picadores were killed at a bull-fight at Guanajuato, Mexico, on Shrove Tuesday.

Mark Twain is now in Switzerland writing long letters about that cradle of liberty.

Ex-President Cleveland has been duck-shooting on the Chesapeake near Havre de Grace.

Nicholas Crouch, author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and other popular songs, is reported to be dying in Baltimore, at the age of eighty-four years.

A St. Paul dispatch says that definite information has been received in that city, from Rome, that Archbishop Ireland is to be made a Cardinal, and that the ceremony of conferring the red hat will occur during the latter part of this month. This is, however, denied.

President Harrison has issued a proclamation of retaliation against those countries which have refused to enter into reciprocal trade relations with the United States, in accordance with the provisions of the McKinley Act. The countries said to be included are Colombia, Hayti, Nicaragua, Honduras and Venezuela.

A terrible blizzard swept over Minnesota and Northern Michigan last week. Many lives were lost, and the damages to property in Duluth alone are placed at one hundred thousand dollars.

By a remarkable coincidence, two American husbands abroad have, during the past month, taken the law into their own hands in foreign countries and killed the alleged destroyers of their domestic happiness. The Deacon shooting at Cannes, France, has attracted the attention of the civilized world. The Deacons were very wealthy, and were well known in the best society of London, Paris, Boston and New York. The killing of George Gower Robinson, a young English banker of Yokohama, in that city, by Lieutenant Hetherington, U. S. N., reveals a sad condition of family misery. As Miss Jennie Hewes, of Wilmington, Mrs. Hetherington will be well remembered in all the Eastern cities as a belle. In both of these cases the woman was almost wholly to blame. Mrs. Deacon had sought the society of M. Abelle for more than a year, forsaking husband and children. It would appear that the place for good wives is at home with their husbands.

The seventy-two hours' bicycle race at Madison Square Garden, New York City, was won by Ashinger, who rode 1,022 miles and 7 laps. The finish was very close, Lamb, the second man, being only two feet behind. The men finished in the following order:

	Miles.	Laps.
Charles W. Ashinger, America, first.....	1,022	7
William Lamb, England, second.....	1,022	7
William Martin, Ireland, third.....	1,022	6
Edward Reading, America, fourth.....	1,022	5
J. D. Lumsden, Scotland, fifth.....	964	2
Albert Schock, America, sixth.....	940	1
William Stage, Scotland, seventh.....	900	0

The men were all behind Prince's record of 1,042½ miles under the same conditions. The following amounts will go to the first seven men: Ashinger, \$1,000; Lamb, \$500; Martin, \$350; Reading, \$250; Lumsden, \$150; Schock, \$125; and Stage, \$100. The management lost \$8,000 on the venture.

Mme. de Barrios, the beautiful widow of the late President of Guatemala, gave at her New York home a brilliant soiree musicale, including the third act of "Faust," in costume, with Mmes. Schirmer-Mapleson, Scalchi and Bauermeister, and Signori Valero and Serbolini. The great baritone, Jean Lassalle, was heard in Massenet's "Air du Roi de Lahore" and "Chant Provençal" and Salomon's "Extase."

FORGERY AS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

THE population of this country has been recently increased by the arrival of Austin Bidwell, who has just been released from Chatham prison, England, after serving nineteen years for obtaining \$2,500,000 from the Bank of England by forgery. He has joined his brother in Chicago, and the two worthies propose to appear in a play, constructed on the lines of "Jim the Penman," and introducing the leading features of their nefarious and successful escapades. George Bidwell was convicted for the same crime, and served fifteen years at Dartmoor prison. Their offenses were punished by life sentences, but they were released for good conduct. The story of their crime has frequently been told. Two of their companions are still in English prisons. The timeliness of the return of these two distinguished convicts to Chicago is facetiously pointed out by an Eastern journalist, and the suggestion is made that Chicago need have no trouble now in raising the necessary funds for the Columbian Exposition.

Austin Bidwell tells his story concisely. He refers to the act of "depleting" the assets of the Bank of England as a "scheme," not as a crime.

"I first went abroad," he says, "in 1871. I was in Paris at the time of the Commune. I saw the smoking ruins of that proud city. Then I came back to my own country. My brother was still living in America. I left again on March 29, 1872. I ought to have waited two days longer, as subsequent events proved. It was in my head at that time to go to London and go into some scheme by which I could relieve John Bull of some of his shekels. I soon found out that the Bank of England was conducted in a manner that would have made an American boy laugh. I never saw men at the head of any business concern that were as gullible as the officials of that venerable old bank. I told them that I was the agent of a Russian syndicate which proposed to expend \$7,000,000, and they believed it without asking anything more, when they could have gone to the Russian Embassy, right under the 'Old Lady's' nose, and found out.

"I told them that I was building a railroad in South America, and they took it all in. Then I discovered that it was the custom of the bank to cash bills of any amount without sending to inquire of acceptors if their signatures were genuine.

"When the plans were ready to spring we had taken in MacDonald and Noyes. I was out of the country. George imitated the signature of his alias and carried on a correspondence with Colonel Francis, who was the duped manager of the Western Branch of the Bank of England. Francis easily swallowed the bait about 'F. A. Warren's' Pullman car-works at Birmingham without so much as writing to the Postmaster at Birmingham for confirmation of our existence.

"I was the F. A. Warren who established the account at the Western Branch, and which enabled the coterie to cash the bills of exchange upon which the forgeries were made. It took a year from the opening of that account to rake off the \$2,500,000. The discovery was made March 1, 1873. MacDonald carelessly left undated an acceptance of the firm of Blydensteen & Co. This led to the sending of the bill to that firm, and that is what caused the discovery.

"I was in Havana, and had married. I was on my wedding tour. I had resolved to go to the States, go West, and become a useful citizen. I had done what I started to do. I had never thought of being a criminal. I had never thought of making a living by any other than honest methods, and what I did was the result of circumstances.

Do you know I think we are all creatures of circumstances? When I saw how careless the Bank of England was in its methods it set me to thinking. I really thought it was time to teach the great moneyed institution a lesson. I did it.

"As soon as I was arrested my wife deserted me. I was taken back to England from Spain without any extradition. I was then twenty-five years old. Soon after George was arrested in Edinburgh. Then MacDonald was taken as he was leaving the steamer *Thuringia* in New York. This was followed by the arrest of Noyes, who was the clerk of the fictitious 'Horton' who did business with the fictitious 'Warren'; and this was the first step in the unraveling of the skein."

George Bidwell was asked how much of the money the bank recovered.

"Most of it; all, perhaps, but \$12,000. The Pinkertons got \$175,000 for their work on the case, and it probably cost the bank \$300,000 to convict us. The manner in which the affair was operated might just as easily have netted \$10,000,000 as \$2,500,000."

George Bidwell was the first to be released, and reached New York in August, 1887.

These men had a sister, Mrs. Mott, in Muskegon, Mich. She went to London, and worked for four years for "Z 1,053" and "A 1,146." The first petition from the American Government was for the release of the Bidwells, Noyes and MacDonald. The English Government said, "Never!" In 1884 Dr. Vance C. Clark had become Governor of Woking, and he had known George Bidwell thirteen years before, and was of the opinion that he could not survive his time, even if given the benefit of the English construction, which accepts in all but the worst cases twenty years as a life sentence. It was through the influence of this man that George Bidwell was finally given a ticket-of-leave and put on board the *Wisconsin* with the injunction to remain off English soil the remainder of his life.

George went to his home in East Hartford, Conn., where he found his wife faithfully awaiting his return in the old homestead.

The struggle for the release of Austin Bidwell was harder. To the aid of her brother's release this sister brought the influence of President Cleveland, James Russell Lowell, Charles Dudley Warner, Mr. Blaine, Lady Henry Somerset, and others. Mrs. Mott exhibited patience that would have wrecked the nerves of most women.

DIED WITH A SMILE.

CAMP HARD LUCK was six months old, and hadn't yet lost a man by death. Just as we congratulated ourselves on this good fortune Deacon White became seriously ill. The deacon was a quiet, dignified man, the acknowledged peacemaker of the camp. The men just over the hill at Cherry Diggings were a quarrelsome, brawling lot, and but for the efforts of Deacon White there'd have been constant rows.

Three days after the deacon was taken down he sent for two or three of us to pay him a visit. When we had come together in his shanty he said:

"Boys, I'm a very sick man. It's my last sickness. I'm an old man, and I realize that I've got to go."

We knew that it was a serious case, but tried to brace him up.

"It's no use," he protested. "I've got to die, and the only question is how I shall go. If I die in my bed the boys won't like it. It would look too womanish, and the fellows over the hill would have another chance to brag. They've had three men die, and all died with their boots on."

As a matter of fact, we were a little tender on that point, but we were willing to make an exception in the case of the deacon. He was not a fighting man, and he couldn't be expected to get up off a dying bed and get in the way of a bullet. We talked and argued with him, and apparently made him see things as we did, and after an hour or so we returned to work, leaving him in the care of a man whose foot had been hurt and who was just able to limp around.

This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. At about four a Cherry Diggings man appeared on the crest of the hill and began whooping and yelling. Following our usual line of conduct, we paid no attention to him; but he kept on seeking a quarrel, and by-and-by something happened to startle us. We heard a ringing war-whoop, and looked up to see Deacon White, fully dressed and having a revolver in his hand, striding up the trail. The man left with him had fallen asleep, and the deacon had dressed and armed himself. He was a man six feet tall, but he looked to be a foot more as we saw him now. His long, black hair was blowing out under his hat, and the yells he uttered as he swept up the trail sent chills over every man of us.

The chap from Cherry Diggings must have been dumfounded, even though half drunk. He ceased his shouting and stood stock still until the deacon came within pistol shot and opened fire. Then he turned to flee, but a bullet in the leg brought him down. The deacon continued to advance, firing all the time, and we suddenly saw him throw up his arms and fall at full length. Only then did any of us move. It had all come upon us in such a way that we stood spellbound. When we did move, a hundred of us went together, and in three minutes we were at the crest of the hill. There lay the deacon, shot through the heart, and there lay the Cherry Diggings man, having four bullets in him, and dead. As we looked down on the face of the deacon we expected to see it wild and distorted, but it was not so. There was a smile there—a smile fading away into pallor as Death claimed the victory.

He had died with his boots on, and saved Camp Hard Luck from being disgraced in the eyes of Cherry Diggings.

THE KEELEY LIQUOR CURE.

DR. KEELEY'S bichloride of gold treatment for intemperance has attracted more attention throughout the civilized world than Dr. Koch's remedy for consumption. Cures have undoubtedly been effected, and men who have for years been confirmed inebriates have resumed their places in respectable society. But owing to jealousy, or a sincere devotion to medical science, many physicians have been very skeptical regarding the general efficacy of Dr. Keeley's medicine. Dr. Dewey, medical superintendent of the insane hospital at Kankakee, Ill., has declared authoritatively that eleven of Dr. Keeley's patients had been adjudged insane and placed under his care during the past year. In a published statement Dr. Dewey said: "There is no question but that the Keeley formula contains some powerful narcotic which affects the brain. All of the Keeley cases that have come under my personal observation have had their brains disturbed by narcotic poison. They are not a troublesome class to manage. They are not violent, but present many of the symptoms common to cases of softening of the brain. With one exception, none of the eleven patients had ever been confined in an insane asylum before."

This startling disclosure is likely to produce a profound sensation at the various institutions in this country where in the Keeley cure is prescribed. Dr. H. M. Bannister, an assistant of Dr. Dewey at Kankakee, substantiated the above statement, and said:

"There is no question but that the Keeley cure is severe on the nervous system. I have treated the Keeley patients, and know that their nerves have been affected by the medicine contained in the formula. The ingredient contained in the Keeley cure that has a tendency to cause insanity is atropine, a very powerful medical agent, and highly destructive to the nervous system."

It will be remembered that Dr. Keeley says: "As a finale of a series of experimental treatments, the secret of my great cure lies in the administration of an eliminator, or remedial agent, that expels or renders the effect of bichloride of gold, beyond a certain amount, inert or inactive. This is the whole secret of my discovery, notwithstanding other statements to the contrary."

This sounds very much like the language employed by one John W. Keeley, of Philadelphia, more or less known to fame as the inventor of the Keeley motor. Dr. Keeley's prescription formula is a secret, but several prominent medical men, who have recently secured samples of the bichloride of gold remedy, have made analysis and agree upon the following as its component parts:

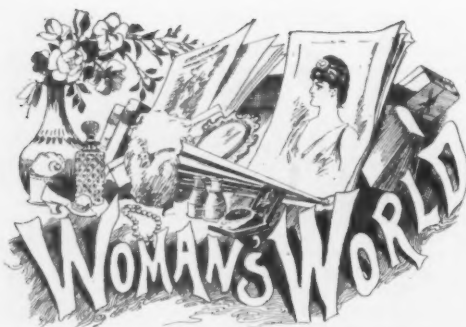
Rx.
Ammonia muriate, gr. 1.
Aloin, grs. 2.
Cinchona comp., ozs. 3.
Aqua, ozs. 4.
M. Sig.: One teaspoonful at a dose.
Rx.
Auri et sodium chlor., grs. 12.
Ammonia muriate, grs. 6.
Strychnine, nit., grs. 1.
Atropia sulph., grs. 1-4.
Fl. ext. cinchona comp., ozs. 3.
Fl. ext. coca.
Glycerine,
Aqua dist., aa., ozs. 1.
M. Sig.: One tablespoonful every two hours when awake.

HOW HOTELS ARE ROBBED.

THE large hotels in all the cities of this country carry upon their annual expense account from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars chargeable to paper, envelopes, matches and toothpicks supplied to guests and strangers. The strangers use more of them than the guests. A square box, in which are kept a dozen necessary things—such as cards, matches, envelopes and toothpicks—stands on the counters of most hotels. This box has to be constantly replenished. The proprietor of a large New York hotel furnishes some interesting information regarding the way in which his hotel is systematically robbed by guests and strangers. Five hundred envelopes and one thousand sheets of paper are required daily. Strangers appear at the desk, and with the utmost nonchalance ask for writing materials, which are furnished if the person be respectable in appearance. It is a common thing to see strangers enter a hotel writing-room and fill their fountain-pens from the ink-bottles. Blotting-paper given away costs ten dollars a month. Every visitor to the hotel believes himself entitled to toothpicks and matches. He takes a handful of the former and fills his pocket-matchbox at the counter with the latter. It costs fifteen dollars a month to supply these trifling articles. Pens and penholders and ink-bottles disappear at the rate of a dozen a day.

But, alas! these are not the only losses to which hotel men are compelled to submit. The attendants in the washroom will tell you that strangers enter and slip cakes of soap into their pockets. The small hand-towels that are supplied to guests are carried off at the rate of hundreds every year. There is a difference in the class of men who merely take what is supposed to be free and those who filch what is known to be the property of the hotel. The latter men are thieves! Tidies are carried away from the chairs, and sheets and pillow-cases from the beds. The hotels on the European plan suffer most from pilferers and dishonest patrons.

WHAT absurd little things people quarrel about! What trivial matters cause ill-feeling in families! The mutton being roasted too little or the beef too much, an opinion about the temperature of the house or the style of curtains that ought to be bought for the front-windows, the definition of a word or its pronunciation, are not topics worth a quarrel when peace and goodwill are of so much importance in the home. A little ill-feeling is like a little seed that may grow into a large tree which will shadow the whole house. Many a man and woman must look back with regret on the hasty word or the cold reproach which was the entering wedge that split a household in two; and yet how few make a point of uttering the soft word that turneth away wrath!



A NOVELTY for evening is a white lace Russian blouse made of a width or volant of lace, which has the design on the edge, and is just the necessary width. A décolleté under-body of colored silk is worn, and the lace blouse is gathered round the neck, and is left loose or is finished with a band, as is most becoming. The sleeves are transparent. A handsome belt is worn with this odd costume, and it is really "fetching" for simple evening wear.

In Buffalo a woman runs a street-cleaning bureau; in Kansas City a woman is in the fire department; at Vassar a young woman combs hair at twenty-five cents per head; a Louisville lady makes special shopping trips to Paris; another in New York makes flat-furnishing a business; still another in New Hampshire is president of a street railway company, while Chicago has a woman embalmer.

The lace Watteau plait is one of the fashions of the hour for evening dress. It is attached to a handsome dress of any material and forms a very rich addition. The lace is

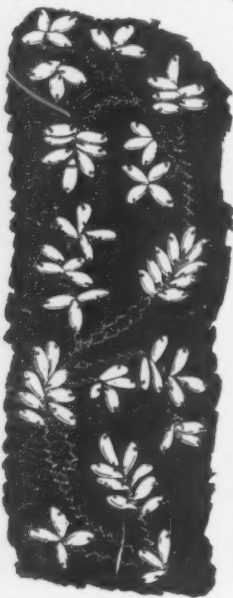


FIG. 2.

usually bunched into a large knot between the shoulders, or it is concealed at the joining with the décolleté, with a dashing knot of velvet.

Jenn Nelson won the first place in the oratorical contest at De Pauw University, which has twelve hundred students. She is the only woman who has attained this distinction, and she is but nineteen years old.

In a fashionable establishment there is now being made a pale-blue wool frock, with hair stripes of white. It has a bell skirt and Russian blouse, with its effective sleeves. It is belted with a straight belt of canvas cloth, which stuff also forms the straight high choker, the cuffs and narrow skirt decoration. It is intended for a blonde girl, and is a very chic affair.

There are quite a number of women engaged in the retail drug business in the United States, many of them as proprietors, others as clerks.

Caroline Kelly has been for some years the designer of interior decorations for cars in one of the largest car-building establishments in the country and the first manufactory to employ women as decorators. Twenty or more young women work under Miss Kelly.

Flower glove-fasteners are something new. White enameled daisies on a foundation of silver are seen. Pansies, violets, diminutive tulips and rosebuds are used.

In a prize competition for a fancy dress, an enterprising and very much-up-to-date contestant sends in an "influenza" design.



THE "X" WATCH HOLDER—Both the narrow panels and support are either in enameled and painted wood, or in plush, enhanced with trails of elongated leaves and berries in appliqué embroidery, and edged with a tinsel cable. Gilt hook in the center.

Every girl is wearing upon her head a coronet of ribbon. The more simple ones are generally home-made. The frame can be bought and covered with twisted ribbon. In front the wired ribbon is fashioned into a gay butterfly. These coronets are dressy and give a certain piquant air, which the wearer is sure to appreciate. A novel ribbon coronet is made of black ribbon twisted with gold wire. Perched upon movable wires in front are three butterflies of fine gold fretwork. Another coronet, worn by a golden-haired maiden, was formed in a circle of enameled heart's-ease. These were attached to a gold band and had the effect of being carelessly strewn through the hair.

The very latest fancy in the line of ball programmes is a miniature check-book. The ladies carry them, tear out a leaf for every dance, enter the name on the stubs and are expected to honor the engagement when they are presented.

The Virginia Legislature has, after a vigorous contest, finally decided to refuse to permit women to practice law or to provide women physicians for women patients in insane asylums.

Caroline Popp, who died recently at the age of eighty-one, was the only woman journalist in Belgia. She received the honor of being made a knight of the Order of Leopold by the King, which entitled her to a military funeral.



FIG. 1.—TABLE SCARF IN SEED WORK.

THE use of seeds for purposes of simple ornamentation is very old, and has been of late revived with good effect for embroidering fancy articles. The best seeds are those of the melon, vegetable marrow and cucumber, assorted according to size, shape and color. After the design has been traced on the foundation material, which can be velvet, plush, cloth or silk, the stalks are put in with gold or maize-colored silk in stem, chain or herring-bone stitch, and the seeds stand out like ivory in bold relief. The leaves can be either outlined or filled in with crewel stitch. In this design the stitches which fix the seeds are marked rather large to show the manner of doing them; but, of course, the smaller and finer they appear in reality the better. The calyx of the buds is done in crewel work. There are other flowers which can be imitated in seed work, amongst them marguerites, asters, starwort, jessamine, etc. Ears of corn or barley are very effective, though more difficult to work, owing to the seeds having to be "packed" close together. Seed work can be adapted to fancy articles of various kinds, such as table borders and centers, banner screens, tea cozies, brackets, etc.



A PRETTY outdoor or visiting costume consists of a gown of handsome dark-blue faille; a Russian mantle of pale-gray cloth, trimmed with dark-blue silk, embroidered with gold and bands of zibeline fur; and a dark-blue bonnet, trimmed with yellow satin ribbons and black ostrich feathers.

The silk shoestring is laid upon the shelf; its reign is over for the present. Silver and gilt cords are the fashion. At the end of each cord there is a diminutive rosette. Twisted cord of black and silver, or black and gilt, is highly popular.

In only five States has a mother absolute legal right to the custody of her own children. These are Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oregon and Washington.

The growing fashion of using floral slippers to throw after the happy pair at a wedding, instead of worn specimens of white satin, is a vast improvement upon the more ancient custom.



FIG. 3.

Wherever a piece of ribbon can possibly be used one is sure to find it. Many of the street as well as evening dresses have trimmings of ribbon. The ribbon ruching around the bottom of dresses is constantly gaining in favor. Mother-of-pearl ribbon is the very latest. This is most effective, and comes in all the delicate shades. Double-faced satin ribbon is much used for sashes. The moiré and watered ribbons are also popular.



BROOCH WITH CAT'S-EYE BODY.

There are many positions to which women over thirty-five years of age are not eligible. They cannot, for example, become trained nurses.

Spring jackets have a severely military air. They are double-breasted and trimmed with large bone or pearl buttons. Pocket-flaps have developed in size since last spring, and are generally finished with three rows of stitching up and down the front and around the collar. A jacket of gobelin-blue lady's cloth was stitched with black. A Russian collar and large bone buttons were the only decorations.

Several young women in the South Jersey town of South Seaville have a wood-sawing club, which has raised twenty-five dollars this winter for church purposes by reducing cord-wood to kindling sizes at one dollar a cord. The girls saw the wood themselves.

Mr. Samuel Butler is lecturing in England on the question: "Was Homer a Woman?" He believes the "Iliad" was written by a man, but he regards the "Odyssey" as the production of a woman. The reasons he alleges for his belief are not complimentary to the fair sex. He says the poem shows almost incredible ignorance of the detail of common, every-day matters. The author evidently knew nothing about ships, and displayed ignorance in other ways. He ventures to say that if the "Odyssey" were to appear anonymously for the first time now there is not a critic who would not say that it was the product of a woman.

A hat that is just now very popular in England, and which will undoubtedly be equally liked here, is a fine black straw with a somewhat low, square crown and a rolling brim—that is, a brim after the fashion of the English walking-hat. The only trimming is a broad band of white satin ribbon quite the height of the crown; it is drawn around smoothly, and the lower ends lap over each other just in front, a long, slender jet buckle seeming to fasten it. These hats will only be becoming to women who do not need bangs to soften their faces.

A lady doctor has set a good example to members of her profession. She makes her visits to her patients, not in a carriage, but on a tricycle.

White hampers for soiled clothing are among the newest things seen this week. They are of wicker, and enameled until they are very beautiful to behold.

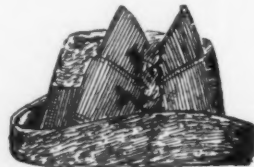
The long glove is again in fashion, and it is worn over the sleeves of dresses as well as over bare arms.

A woman in Oregon has worked twenty years as a stone-cutter.

Brantone defined beauty thus: "Three white things—skin, teeth and hands. Three dark—eyes, eyebrows and eyelids. Three red—lips, cheeks and nails. Three long—the body, hair and hands. Three short—teeth, ears and feet. Three broad—the chest, forehead and space between the eyes."

Mademoiselle Leclerk has taken a first-class degree at the Paris School of Pharmacy. She is the first woman chemist in France.

The best thing to clear dandruff from the hair is kerosene.



The "Oban," fashionable rough felt hat.

A feature of all the spring work, in every line of dress goods and in millinery, is the combination of lavender and pale greens. The lining for tan in old and new shades has been noted already. When the silks and cottons are taken up the peculiarities of color will attract attention.

Crowns threaten to disappear altogether, so low are those seen in the new spring shapes. Of course, the deficiency will be made good in the trimming.

Mrs. Tel Sono, said to be Japan's first woman lawyer, is in this country, lecturing in behalf of a Christian school for high-caste Japanese girls.

New Hampshire has three women bank treasurers, including Sarah C. Clark, who has been elected to her responsible place for the tenth consecutive time.

Women are now employed as stenographers in the Parliament at Copenhagen for the first time.



CONGRESSMAN SHERMAN HOAR, MASSACHUSETTS.



CONGRESSMAN JERRY SIMPSON, KANSAS.

THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—PORTRAITS OF CONGRESSMEN.

This gallery of wood-engraved portraits will continue until every member of the House of Representatives shall have been presented to the public. This gallery commenced in No. 1, Vol. VI.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
PORTRAITS OF CONGRESSMEN.

CONGRESSMAN SHERMAN HOAR, of the Fifth Massachusetts District, comprising the First Precinct of the Eighth Ward and the Nineteenth and Twenty-fifth Wards of the city of Boston, and the towns of Arlington, Belmont, Burlington, Cambridge, Lexington, Somerville, Waltham, Watertown and Woburn in Middlesex County, was born in Concord, Mass., July 30, 1860; was educated in the public schools of his native village, at Phillips Exeter Academy, at Harvard University and Harvard Law School; is a lawyer; is trustee of Phillips Exeter Academy and a director of the American Unitarian Association; is a member of the Democratic State Committee of Massachusetts; was elected to the Fifty-second Congress as a Democrat, receiving 13,081 votes, against 10,807 votes for James A. Fox, the Republican candidate. He is a nephew of Senator Hoar, and resides at Waltham.

CONGRESSMAN JERRY SIMPSON, of the Seventh Kansas District, which comprises the counties of Barber, Barton, Clark, Comanche, Edwards, Finney, Ford, Garfield, Grant, Greeley, Gray, Hamilton, Harper, Harvey, Haskell, Hodgeman, Kearney, Kingman, Kiowa, Lane, McPherson, Meade, Morton, Ness, Pawnee, Pratt, Reno, Rice, Rush, Scott, Seward, Sedgewick, Sumner, Stafford, Stanton, Stevens and Wichita, is commonly called "The Sockless Socrates of Medicine Lodge," from his place of residence. He is just fifty years of age, having been born in the Province of New Brunswick March 31, 1842. When six years of age his parents moved to Oneida County, New York; at the age of fourteen he began life as a sailor, which pursuit he followed for twenty-three years; during his career as a sailor he had command of many large vessels on the Great Lakes; during the early part of the Civil War he served for a time in Company A, Twelfth Illinois Infantry, but contracting a disease he left the service; in 1878 he drifted to Kansas, and is now living six miles from Medicine Lodge, Barber County, where he is engaged in farming and stock-raising; was a Republican originally, casting his first vote for the second election of Abraham Lincoln, but during the past twelve years has been voting and affiliating with the Greenback and Union Labor parties; he twice ran for the Kansas Legislature on the Independent ticket in Barber County, but was defeated both times by a small plurality; was nominated for Congress by the People's party, and elected by the aid of the Democrats, who indorsed his nomination, receiving 32,603 votes, against 25,181 votes for James R. Halliwell, the Republican candidate. He is a member of the Committees on Territories and Irrigation of Arid Lands.



THE recent announcement that George du Maurier has laid down his pencil for good, owing to failing eyesight, will be received with profound regret by all those who are familiar with his work. He is now fifty-six years of age. He was born in Paris, his father being one of an old French family who in 1789 fled to England to escape the guillotine. A short time after his birth the family left Paris for London, and took up their abode at No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, where Charles Dickens lived in after years. After a few years they returned to Paris, and young Du Maurier was sent to school in Passy, and later to the University of Sorbonne. His father, a dilettante scientist, had resolved that his son should be a second Faraday, and accordingly, in 1851, the young man went to England to study chem-

istry, in which, although he had many amusing experiences, he failed to make either money or fame.

On his father's death, in 1856, he gave up chemistry and went to Gleyre's studio in Paris, where he was a fellow-student, among others, of Poynter and Whistler, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the serious study of art. From Paris he passed to Antwerp, where, in the midst of terribly hard work, there fell upon him the crushing announcement that he was doomed to a life of darkness. Fortunately, however, although he lost completely the sight of one eye, the other was spared him, and all the world knows to what good use he has put his crippled sight. After a long and delightful student's life in Düsseldorf he went to London. This was in 1860. He at once began illustrating for a weekly magazine and also contributed a few pictures to *Punch*, and "precious bad they were, too," he humorously remarks.

Twenty-five years ago he joined the staff of the latter paper in the place of John Leech. Mark Lemon was then the editor, and, in giving the new artist his instructions, bade him not attempt to follow exactly in the footsteps of the great caricaturist. "Don't you do funny things," he said; "do the graceful side of life; be the tenor in a French opera-bouffe;" and admirably has he acted up to his instructions.

Mr. du Maurier is very enthusiastic about his special walk in art. "Leech," he says, "is the founder, as it were, of the system I carry out. He was the son of Cruikshank, and Cruikshank was the son of Hogarth. In a different way I try to follow in their footsteps, and endeavor faithfully to depict society as it is." He is conscious that upon his shoulders was laid, as it were, the responsibility of handing down to posterity exact and yet graceful representations of English society life—its habits, its customs, its sayings, and above all, its coats and hats and gowns. He never caricatured—indeed, if anything, he erred in quite another direction. He has almost created a set of humanities that are to the ordinary eye too fine and fair, too graceful and dainty for human nature's daily food. Where else can one see such noble men, such lovely women, such charming children, as week by week he was wont to depict in the pages of *Punch*? "My mode of working," he says, "was not to draw from any one individual person, but to carefully observe people, meanwhile making mental notes;" and thus by degrees he built up characters which, within the last few years, passed into our social life, taken up their abode with us, and whom, almost unconsciously, we regard as being flesh and blood equally with ourselves. Such types are Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins, Sir Gorgius Midas and many more. In inventing these people, in giving them existence, Mr. du Maurier has added to the literature of our times as distinctly and very nearly as valuably as Dickens, or Thackeray, or George Eliot did. He is responsible more than anyone else for the death of the esthetes. Who could "live up to a teapot" after that absurd picture of his, or could any longer be "intense" with the thought of the weird, mild, unkempt, silly females who at one time so pervaded all his pictures? And yet he was always kindly; it was but a gentle sarcasm, not a biting cynicism, that inspired his clever pencil. But his work was effectual, and teapots and peacock's feathers, lilies and intensity, all passed into a limbo whence, it is earnestly to be hoped, they will never again be extricated.

Personally, Mr. du Maurier is one of the most agreeable and charming of men. He knows all the literary and social celebrities of the day, and probably declines more invitations to dine out than even the Prince of Wales himself; for he is socially in much demand, being a charming conversationalist and altogether delightful companion. In appearance he is a slim-built, somewhat stoop-shouldered man with a half gray moustache and goatee, and wears eyeglasses. He is a connoisseur of dogs, and likes

to go to the theaters, being usually accompanied by one of his three charming daughters, who serve as models for the graceful girls he draws in his famous pictures.

He lives in Hampstead, above "the smoke and stir of the dim spot that men call London," and is asked to illustrate more books than he could possibly do if he had a dozen sets of hands; so that his bank account is quite large. His recently published novel, "Peter Ibbetson," is a distinct success, and now he is about to take to the lecture platform.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Man in the Moon is believed in, as we believe in ghosts. No one has ever seen him; but somebody knows somebody who knows somebody else to whom this mythical personage has manifested himself. We are all familiar with the street astronomer, that husky-throated personage who, on clear nights, hoarsely invites you to take a peep at the valleys and mountains of the moon, and at the great planetary system, including the Milky Way. This wily astronomer, when he gets hold of an enthusiast, delivers a short sidereal lecture, and, in consideration of an additional fee, is willing to sweep the entire field of stars. "Here you are! A peep into heaven for ten cents!" Cheap.—(See first page.)

"NEARING the end" tells its own sad, sad story. Death has laid his icy finger on the fair young girl, and but a few days are left to her to breathe the delicious air, to gaze at the bright blue sky, and to listen to the voices of birds and to the hum of insects. Life is sweet—oh, so sweet! and Hope, that springs eternal in the human breast, bears its white blossom in the heart of this doomed child. The agonized expression on the face of the faithful old attendant, piteous in hopelessness, is in wondrous contrast to the longing yet peaceful gaze with which the consumptive girl is contemplating the glories of heaven's canopy.—(See page 5.)

TYPHUS sneaked into New York City, and, had not very energetic measures been immediately taken, might have held grim and hideous revel in our over-crowded slums and tenement-houses. Our illustration on page 8 depicts the vigilant Health Officers on the warpath, seeking the treacherous enemy in its lair and ready and willing to give him battle.

SOUTH street is, as every Gothamite knows, one of the very busiest streets in this city of "rush." Every sort, shape, size and description of vehicle passes beneath bowsprits of vessels that have come from, or are bound to, every port of the world. The docks and the quay walls swarm with men, women and children, while the sidewalks are simply impassable. Cables, cordage, kegs, barrels—everything, from the proverbial needle to the proverbial anchor; everything in connection with the mariner's world is to be found here, a gentle aroma of tar intermingled with grease assailing the nostrils. Saloons, "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," do a roaring business; and, even in the midst of this mad march of life, the genus loafer finds his place.—(See page 9.)

THE recent riots in Berlin, consequent upon the idiotic speechifying of Germany's ruler, took place in the localities shown in our illustration on page 4. "Unter den Linden" is one of the great streets of the world.

Do not say to children, "Be good," but make them find pleasure in being so; develop within their hearts the germ of sentiments that Nature has placed there. Give them opportunities of being truthful, liberal, compassionate; rely on the human heart; leave those precious seeds to bloom in the air which surrounds them; do not stifle them under a quantity of frames and networks.

THE ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED).

AD I never met Miss Moore, had I not loved her with all my heart, I honestly believe I should have fallen a victim to Mrs. Towlinson's fascinations. No woman, I am sure, ever made herself more charming; no woman ever seemed to take a deeper interest in a young fellow. Little by little I told her all my plans, hopes and aspirations; and she listened with perfect sympathy, as though there was nothing more interesting to her in the whole wide world. I told her, I think, of everything, excepting only of my love for Miss Moore, a subject which I had no doubt would have been interesting to her in no small degree. She noticed, with a woman's quickness, the omission of love-passages in the book of my life.

"You have told me all about your amusements and your business," she said, "but"—smiling across the table at me—"you have told me nothing about your love. To a woman, it is more interesting than any other subject. Surely in the great world of London there is some fair maiden who holds your heart captive?"

"No," I said, with perfect truth; for it was far away from London that my darling was.

"I am more than glad to hear it," she said; and, indeed, though it sounds conceited, I am sure she was. "I quite agree with—you it was Byron or was it Tennyson who said that 'a young man married is a man that is marred'? He owes it to his wife that she should have all his spare time; and a young man ought to be making friends in his spare time—friends who will help him on in his profession and up the ladder of life."

I laughed a little. "Are you not looking at it in rather a one-sided way?" I asked. "Don't you think a wife or a sweetheart is a spur to a young man? Don't you think he works harder if he has one or the other of them than he would do otherwise?"

"No," she said, looking at me almost suspiciously; "ambition should be sufficient spur."

"Should be, but I doubt whether in many cases it is," I returned. "The men I know who are most steady, who work hardest and get on best, are men who have something sweet to work for. A man is a fool to marry before he can afford it; but if a man only gets engaged to the right girl—there is a great deal in that, Mrs. Towlinson—the sooner he does so the better."

"And yet, holding these opinions, you are not engaged?"

"No," I returned; "perhaps because I have not met the right girl; perhaps because I have been crossed in love."

She looked at me steadily for a moment, and then smiled.

"It is not the last," she said. "A man or woman is never crossed in love without the pain of it leaving some shadows in the eyes, some sadness in the face, which will come when he or she speaks of such things ever so lightly—even if it is not always there. I think you have never loved. Am I right?"

"Must I tell all my secrets?" I asked.

She colored a little.

"No, no," she answered; "do not tell me, but take my advice. I think you are heart-whole now. When you fall in love, let your choice fall upon a woman older than yourself—it is what most men are doing now, and they are wise; but do not as they do, do not fall in love with one four or five years older than yourself—that is nothing; a woman in health is always three or four years younger than a man three or four years her junior, provided he has passed his twenty-third year. But fall in love with a woman who has seen something of this world, with a woman ten or even more years older than yourself; with a woman who can help you, understand you. Men marry girls of seventeen, and expect their wives to understand them. How can a girl of seventeen understand such an enigma as a man? Few women can until they have passed thirty, many not even then. Man is a creature who requires many excuses made for him; young girls will make none. Marry a handsome woman by all means, an agreeable one; but, as you value your future happiness, do not marry a baby. Now I think I must put on my cloak."

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

SHE (at 3 A. M., trembling):—"Oh, George, I'm afraid papa is going to come down!"
HE (eagerly):—"Darling, hurry and meet him, and have him do something handsome while he's about it."

In short, I said to myself, as I opened the door for her, "Marry Mrs. Towlinson; and, perhaps, had I not loved already with my whole heart, I might have done so. Doubtless many hundreds of men are caught as Mrs. Towlinson was trying to catch me. Few men are proof against flattery and a handsome woman."

I sat down and thought quietly while left alone. It seemed unlikely that I should learn any particulars of the murder from Mrs. Towlinson. The subject was evidently painful to her. I weighed in my mind the suspicions of Miss Moore and of the two female servants. Was it possible that Mrs. Towlinson shrank from the subject of the murder because she had committed it herself? I mentally looked upon her kind face, listened to her gentle, womanly voice; and I told myself that it was not possible—that nothing was less possible. If I was any judge of human nature—and what man will admit that he is not?—she was a woman through and through; and a woman has to unsex herself before she can commit murder. My suspicions, I felt, were right. Mr. Croft had gone a little mad before anyone suspected it, and had murdered Mr. Grey through motives of jealousy.

Looking as handsome as any woman could wish to look, with her white silk dress shrouded, though not entirely hidden, by a ruby-plush cloak, and a tiny lace shawl upon her head, Mrs. Towlinson re-entered the room. A servant was sent for the cab, and we started for the opera.

In the cab she said not another word of my love affairs. She still spoke as if I and my affairs were interesting to her—as though she would like me to make a name in the world; but she had dropped the sentimental tone, for the time being, at all events.

"A woman of my experience," she said, "may be permitted to take an interest in a young man like yourself. It is not that I am so much older than you; but I have been married; I have lost a husband; I have kept another man's house. I have been taking care of, and interesting myself in, some man's comfort, aspirations and successes ever since I was a girl of seventeen. It will be a real pleasure to me if you will let me take an interest in you. From what you tell me, though you are fortunate not to have to depend upon your business or professional connection, it is not all you could wish. I am not altogether satisfied with my lawyers. I shall begin helping you by taking my business from them and giving it into your hands."

I thought of the great kindness of Messrs. Newbond and Drafter, and I begged that she would not think of doing such a

thing; but I might as well have saved myself the trouble. She had made up her mind; and when a woman does that, especially willfully, it is mere waste of breath to try and change it.

"I am determined to help you," she said. "I shall recommend you to all my friends; you shall see what a good friend a woman can be to a man. I may not have any business for some time—I mean, I might not have had were my present lawyers still to have been my solicitors—but I shall make some for you. I shall sell something or buy something to-morrow, and you shall draw up the lease or agreement, or whatever it is called."

Probably she did not know what nonsense she was talking; how much more like a child than the experienced woman of the world she boasted of being. Probably she did not know how affectionate, nor yet how condescending, her tone was. Perhaps it was ungrateful for me to feel vexed, but I certainly did.

"Send me the clients, if you can, by all means, Mrs. Towlinson," I said, "and I shall be deeply grateful; but please do not think of taking your affairs out of the hands of Messrs. Newbond and Drafter. I should be sorry, indeed, for you to do so."

She looked at me sharply.

"How did you know they were my solicitors?" she asked.

I saw that I had made a false step, but it was one I could retrieve.

"They were Mr. Grey's solicitors," I returned. "I surmised that they would probably be yours, also."

"Then you have read the account of the murder?" she said.

"Yes," I answered. "I got the papers, and read it carefully from beginning to end. It was from reading those papers that I formed the opinion that if anyone in the house committed the murder it was Mr. Croft."

"You are the first who has formed that opinion," she said, "and you are utterly wrong. Mr. Croft never harmed so much as a fly in his life. I wonder what induced you to read the trial, Mr. Dickenson?"

"I suppose a certain amount of interest in Mr. Croft and yourself," I answered, "and curiosity about the girl with the beautiful face and voice, whom you do not believe to have been guilty of the crime. Mrs. Towlinson, would it not make my name famous if I could prove her innocent—if I could set her free?"

Her face hardened as I had seen it harden once or twice before. Mrs. Towlinson certainly had one weakness—she was jealous.

"To do that, you must find the real murderer," she said; "and I do not believe that

that will ever be done. Miss Moore will live and die in a criminal lunatic asylum."

We joined the long line of carriages at the Opera-House; and, with Mrs. Towlinson's words still ringing in my ears, I helped her from the cab, and we made our way to her box on the grand tier. The opera was "Faust." The overture was over, and when we entered the curtain was just rising upon the first scene.

I had seen the opera many times before. I had always thought it the most exquisite of any; but upon that night, although my eyes were fixed upon the stage, my thoughts were far enough away. I did not see the scene or the players, but only the sad, beautiful face of the girl whom I had sworn to free. I answered Mrs. Towlinson when she spoke to me. I noticed when I looked at her that for all her forty years (she must have been quite that age), that she was supremely handsome, that others were noticing her, and leveling their opera-glasses at her; but I took no more interest in her than I took in the opera. When the first act was over she turned to me:

"You are enjoying it; you love music?" she said.

"Oh, yes," I answered, awakening from my thoughts; "a man must be a barbarian who does not love music."

"But you love it more than most men," she said.

(Continued on page 15.)

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